

DEC 27 1913

The Nation

VOL. XIV., No. 11.]
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1913.

[PRICE 6D.
Postage: U.K., 1d. Abroad, 1½d.]

CONTENTS.

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|--|------|--|------|
| EVENTS OF THE WEEK | 477 | Liberalism and Woman Suffrage. By Eunice G. Murray | 495 |
| POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:— | | The Reconstruction of the House of Lords. By Joseph A. Leckie | 495 |
| Home Rule and Federalism | 480 | Mr. Larkin and the Dublin Strike. By Stanley Barr | 495 |
| How to Reform the Income Tax | 481 | The Conduct of the Dublin Police. By Barbara Tchaykovsky, M.D. | 496 |
| The Example from France | 482 | Free Thought in South Lanarkshire. By Dr. Ernest Walker | 496 |
| The Labor Disputes | 483 | Blake and British Art. By Dr. Greville MacDonald | 496 |
| LIFE AND LETTERS:— | | Land Policy and Land Taxation. By John L. Kinloch | 497 |
| A Preface to Feminism | 484 | Senor Maura and Spanish Politics. By Juan Pujol | 497 |
| A Departed Glory | 485 | POETRY:— | |
| On Popular English | 487 | At a Shrine. By Lady Margaret Sackville | 497 |
| A Garden Province | 488 | THE WORLD OF BOOKS | 498 |
| SHORT STUDIES:— | | REVIEWS:— | |
| The Triumph. By Sir Ronald Ross, K.C.B. | 489 | The Circle and the Centre | 499 |
| LETTERS FROM ABROAD:— | | Royalty and Character | 500 |
| The German Reichstag and Militarism. By Ed. Bernstein | 491 | The Maybrick Case. By H. 502 | |
| COMMUNICATIONS:— | | The Forming of Leonardo | 504 |
| The Burden of Armaments: A Suggestion. By Holford Knight | 492 | "A State in Danger" | 506 |
| LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:— | | Diversities of Purpose | 508 |
| The Liberal Party and Armaments. By Ex-cubitor President Wilson and the Filipino People. By Sir William Wedderburn | 493 | BOOKS IN BRIEF:— | |
| India and the Imperial Conference. By Richard Jebb | 494 | The Reconstruction of the New Colonies under Lord Milner | 510 |
| Conscription in New Zealand—and Elsewhere. By E. Cameron Mawson | 494 | My Memories: 1830-1913 | 510 |
| Medicine and the Insurance Act. By Hugh M. Eyres, M.B. | 494 | THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum | 512 |

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

ON Tuesday night Mr. Asquith gave a full Cabinet endorsement of the Land programme, and he added a masterly summary of its governing features. The speech was received with great enthusiasm and, while extremely moderate in form and likely to conciliate needless alarms, extends the Chancellor's announcements in a distinctly Radical direction. This is a very important departure, for, of course, the Prime Minister's speech will be the text of a thousand discourses, and the basis of a "firm" offer to the agricultural community.

The following seem to us to be the most important of Mr. Asquith's pronouncements, and some of them are distinctly new:

(1) The Prime Minister makes the minimum wage the corner-stone of the land policy, and he clearly aims, not at a mere rise of 1s. or 2s. a week, but at a substantial increase adequate to produce a decent living for the worker's family and to ensure a commercial rent for his cottage.

(2) He has promised that the evil of the tied cottage

system is to be dealt with by an extension of the period of notice.

(3) He proposes to give the agricultural tenant some right to control the letting of game to the sporting tenant—a very far-reaching and popular proposal.

(4) He has made it clear that the Commissioners attached to the new Ministry of Land are to be a judicial body, and will act in complete independence of the Executive.

(5) He has repudiated leasehold enfranchisement as a solution of the housing problem in towns. This means that the rights of the community will be recognized, and that the element of "unearned increment" will not simply be tied on to "good-will" and expenditure on improvements and made over to a tenant. The analysis of "unearned increment" may not be an easy one. But we have Mr. Asquith's pledge that it will be attempted.

LAST week the speeches of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Carson appeared to be preparing a path for peaceful settlement of the Irish question. But this week leaves it more doubtful whether Unionist leaders in Ireland or in England desire such a settlement. What has brought the change of tone, illustrated so strongly in Lord Curzon's speech at the dinner of the United Club and Sir Edward Carson's at Truro? Evidently they were not prepared for the stout, united insistence of all sorts of Liberals, however conciliatory, that a measure of Home Rule must be passed as the condition and first act of a fuller federalism. In other words, the settlement requires a formal acceptance of Home Rule or Devolution for Ireland plus an act of faith in the future fulfilment of Liberal pledges. Mr. Bonar Law, speaking at Carnarvon on Thursday night, stated that he believed the chance of a settlement to be smaller to-day than it was six weeks ago, but he repeated his declaration that if a proposal were made by the Government, the Opposition would "consider it without any regard to party advantage or disadvantage, but with sole regard to the welfare of the nation." Meanwhile, the only "event" is the publication of the Royal Proclamations forbidding the importation of arms and ammunition into Ireland, except for "unwarlike purposes."

THE special meeting of the Trade Union Congress last Tuesday to consider the Dublin situation, though exceedingly tumultuous in its proceedings, was pacific in the policy it adopted. Rejecting an amendment calling on all transport workers to refuse to handle "tainted" goods, and on all other unions to support by contributions such workers if they were locked out, it endorsed by a majority of ten to one a resolution, moved by Mr. John Ward, pledging the combined aid of the trade unions until the Dublin dispute was settled. The project of a general strike (for the amendment policy would have involved that course) was rejected by the general sense of the Congress, partly on grounds of tactics, partly because members felt that only a mass vote of their constituents in the branches could justify such a drastic measure. The result was a victory for order and organization against mere impetuosity.

THE report of the proceedings in Dublin last week by the British trade-union delegates would in any case have secured a majority in favor of continued negotiations. For though a settlement was not reached, a nearer approach was made than on any previous occasion. The employers gave way on the original issue of membership of the Transport Union, and the sole issue upon which they were divided was the crucial one of reinstatement. The employers (in other words, Mr. Murphy) refused the general reinstatement upon which the trade unionists insisted. But the English delegates evidently do not despair of gaining this point by further negotiations. The size of the majority by which they carried this resolution was no doubt enhanced by the conduct of Mr. Larkin, who injected into the proceedings a series of bitter and insulting charges against the English labor leaders.

* * *

M. POINCARÉ has yielded with an ill grace to the majority of the French Chamber, and the New Nationalism has suffered its first decisive rebuff. That is the moral of the Ministerial crisis. When M. Caillaux and his newly-organized party overthrew M. Barthou's Cabinet, it seemed as though M. Poincaré were resolved to take every course save that which constitutional practice dictated. He charged M. Ribot to form a Ministry, and he could have found no Republican less in sympathy with the victorious Left than this honest old Conservative. On M. Ribot's failure, he turned to a neutral personality, M. Jean Dupuy, who also failed to break up the Caillaux combination. He then looked for a man of straw, and found him in the amiable and conciliatory M. Doumergue, who went at once to M. Caillaux, secured his collaboration, and offered him the vitally important Ministry of Finance. The Cabinet was rapidly completed from the various groups of the Left. Its average age is forty, and the complaint that it is undistinguished means only that it is vigorous and young.

* * *

THE French Conservative press has done its best to underline the victory of M. Caillaux. It pretends to see France in peril, and hails him as a sinister dictator. What it really means is that M. Poincaré's personal policy has been heavily defeated. On a closer analysis one must admit that the victory is rather for the opponents of M. Poincaré than for M. Caillaux in particular. He is backed ardently by M. Clemenceau and less decidedly by M. Jaurès. The first is far from sharing his policy of conciliation towards Germany, and the second is sharply at issue with him on proportional representation. The new Cabinet, moreover, contains a majority of members who supported the Three Years' Service Bill. Its programme before the Chamber reveals its origin in compromise. It will not disturb the Service Law—which, after all, does not come into force for two years. It will leave proportional representation alone if the Senate remains intractable—and no other course was possible on the eve of the elections. What really matters is that it will abandon the fifty-two million loan, and look forward to drastic direct taxation. There, on the one vital issue of current politics, the triumph of M. Caillaux is complete.

* * *

ON Tuesday the German Chancellor gave a sketch of his foreign policy, which was notable for his cordial and optimistic account of the progress of Anglo-German amity. He told his hearers nothing of which the world at large is ignorant. But it is satisfactory to have his assurance that the detailed negotiations both about

Turkish economic questions and African colonial affairs are making smooth progress. The two subjects are apparently kept separate, and the bargain in each case will be self-contained. In the Turkish discussion France is included, though here things are only at an initial stage. "Let the past be past was his motto." His belief that the solution of economic questions will suffice to bring amity is worthy of M. Caillaux himself.

* * *

THE German Reichstag seems to have alarmed itself by its own boldness last week. It expressed by a nearly unanimous vote the opinion that the Chancellor has betrayed the interests of civilian society by his handling of the Alsatian incidents. It meant just that and nothing more. Heaven forbid that it should hint that it would prefer another Chancellor, or dreamed of making him the vehicle of its will! It has its own ideas of government, and he has his. Let each be supreme in his sphere. That is a free translation of the sequel to the Zabern incident. The Socialists followed it by proposing amendments to the Constitution establishing responsible government. One after another, the Centre, the National Liberals, and the Conservatives rose up to express their content with things as they are. Assured of his majority, the Chancellor followed them with a correct official declaration to the effect that he is the servant, not of the Reichstag, but of the Emperor. None the less, the Reichstag has achieved a very little. The offending regiment has been sent away from Zabern on a long route-march, and to balance this concession, the soldiers who first revealed the facts of Lieutenant Forstner's indiscretions have been soundly punished by Court martial.

* * *

IN a passage of his Oldham speech, evidently designed to stir public discussion, the Prime Minister gave "his own opinion" upon the desirability of reforming the income-tax. He pleaded for "a complete re-examination in all directions, both downwards and upwards, of the whole system of exemption, of abatement, and of graduation, which has grown up in the most haphazard fashion, and which might well be replaced by provisions which should make the tax both wider and more equitable in its incidence, and more productive in its yield." It is, of course, evident that the income-tax must in the near future contribute more than at present to the public revenue. More can be got by carrying further the graduation upon the higher levels of income. But the temptation to lower the limit of exemption, so as to include incomes below the present limit of £160, must be steadily resisted. Doubtless there are working-class incomes in the best-paid industries that improperly escape the present tax, and ought to be brought within the net. But any reduction of the limit itself would be an assault upon the standard of life and of efficiency of labor, which already bears its full share of taxation in its indirect forms.

* * *

MR. W. BARTON, Liberal member for Oldham, has announced this week his intention to resign his seat as a protest against the refusal of the Executive Committee of the Liberal Association in Oldham to accede to his request that fifteen women Liberals, active workers in the cause, should be admitted to the meeting recently addressed by Mr. Asquith. The Committee describes what took place as "an unfortunate misunderstanding." But the account of what occurred shows a rather unpleasant blend of obsequiousness and obtuseness. Not merely were the ladies accompanying Mr. Asquith and Lord Emmott freely admitted, but Mr. Barton himself

was told that any party of "ladies" he might bring would likewise be admitted. But "women" who had worked for the cause in Oldham itself were refused. It was not alleged that this discourtesy was due to fears of suffragist interruption. An ex-agent, writing to the "Manchester Guardian," cites several other instances where private parties of ladies have been admitted to meetings entrance to which was forbidden to local women workers. A more anti-Liberal, anti-social policy it is hard to conceive.

WE are to have our Christmas cards after all. The Post Office strike is at least postponed to the New Year. But the situation will continue to be critical. For Mr. Samuel gave no satisfaction to the employees in his reply to the deputation of Thursday. He maintained the stiff tone of his former utterances upon the question of the all-round claim for a 15 per cent. advance to meet the rise in the cost of living. "The Committee of the Cabinet had taken the matter fully into consideration, and held the view that the wages paid were sufficiently good to allow for this increased cost of living." This is a curious answer, implying as it does that the former money wages were unreasonably or needlessly high. Of cases of very low wages put to him by Mr. Stuart, he denied all knowledge. He repeated and endorsed his former warning that strikers would not be reinstated, though he denies that there was any truth in the rumor that members who were Territorials would be called upon to work the telegraphic and postal services under military discipline. Mr. Stuart, on behalf of the employees, expressed deep dissatisfaction with the uncompromising tone of the Postmaster-General, and it is pretty clear that on a favorable opportunity the matter will be put to a test. Meanwhile, the public feeling is rather non-committal. Recognizing the full claim of the employees to most-favored business terms, they feel incompetent to form a judgment upon the wide discrepancies of figures adduced respectively by the two parties.

THE General Election in Bulgaria has been doubly interesting, as the first test of proportional representation in a young country, and the first expression of public opinion since the two wars. The result shows no lack of decision. The Russophile or Zankoirist Party, Chauvinist and mildly Clericalist, as well as pro-Russian, has been annihilated, and retains only a single seat. There Bulgarian opinion only repeats the judgment passed by Europe on the mistakes of Messrs. Guechoff and Daneff. Their record is not clean, but the balance of evidence now points to King Ferdinand as the real author of the second war. General Savoff was for a time the scape-goat, but in a signed article published in the "Mir" he has stated that King Ferdinand, as the nominal Commander-in-Chief, gave him the fatal order to attack the Servians and Greeks, threatened him with summary punishment for indiscipline if he refused, and finally assumed responsibility by giving him the order in writing. An obscure situation results from this election. The party of MM. Radoslavoff and Genadieff, now in office, has done well, but it has not secured a majority. The victorious Opposition is composed mainly of Socialists and Agrarians. There could be no better security for peace. The Bulgarian democracy wants no more adventures.

THE formal Russian protest against the nomination of a German General and staff to instruct and command the first of Turkey's army corps at Constantinople has now been backed by remonstrances from France and

Britain. It is easier to understand these protests than to justify them. Turkey has done at last what her friends and critics have for a generation told her to do. She has given executive command to the foreigners whom she has called in to reorganize one of her services. There is no other path to efficiency. That is the only new departure, and, as Talaat Bey points out, these German officers will occupy the same position in Turkey as French soldiers filled with striking results in Greece. What Russia fears is that the defence of the capital and the Straits will at last be effectively organized. She would like the Germans to go to Adrianople—as though Bulgaria were still the enemy. But what are we doing in this galley? Is it a part of our policy to facilitate the acquisition of Constantinople by Russia? If we were really concerned for Turkish reform, we would have welcomed this precedent, and urged that the reasons of efficiency which make for foreign command in the army are quite as cogent in the civil service.

MR. MUNRO has been re-elected for the Wick Burghs by a majority of 443 (1,577 votes to 1,134). This is more than double the majority of December, 1910, and it is notable that while the Liberal poll and majority are the highest ever reached in the division, the Tory poll is lower than in any of the past four elections, notwithstanding an increase in the numbers of electors. Home Rule was, of course, the political feature of the election.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Both as candidate and prophet the new Lord Advocate is handsomely justified by his doubled majority in the Wick Burghs, since, from the outset, Mr. Munro never wavered in his confidence of victory. All who took part in the fight agree that its result must do much to check the more obnoxious features of the Ulster campaign in Scotland, such as the crude appeal to anti-Catholic sentiment, and the 'three-mile prayers and half-mile graves' with which the black-coated contingent are seeking to commend their political wares to Presbyterian Liberalism. Some of these petitions, I am told, are odd and medieval enough to form part of a collection of electioneering curiosities. Here, for example, is the tail-end of an anti-Home Rule supplication as delivered (and reported) at one of the Unionist meetings: 'We pray that Thou wouldst cast down the power of anti-Christ, that Thou wouldst trample under foot the great enemy; and do Thou be pleased to put it into the hearts of this land to rise and to resist the efforts that are being made to give rule once more in this land to the power of Rome.' What, one wonders, can the chief Unionist Whip think of a candidature thus supported?"

"WAYFARER" writes:—"The banquet to Anatole France was a brilliant success, so far as numbers went, and the enthusiasm which greeted the toast of 'The Master,' was a demonstration which did credit to our world of letters. The failure was in Lord Redesdale's speech. Anatole France might have been anything, from an evangelical preacher to a writer of Christmas fairy stories, but the mighty humorist, the great satiric chronicler of the life and thought of yesterday, to-day, and all time that he is. In France such an appreciation would have been the subject of the utmost care and nicety of feeling and expression, and would have been entrusted to the man most competent to deliver it. With us, alas, the thin wine of after-dinner compliment suffices. Cannot we make amends? There are, I believe, five vacancies in the Order of Merit. Could not one of them be offered to the greatest living artist in letters?"

Politics and Affairs.

HOME RULE AND FEDERALISM.

WITH all respect to the political philosophers, the government of men is neither so easy nor so hard a task as Mr. Balfour, in his pamphlet, "Nationality and Home Rule," would have it. Not so easy, for man has never been ruled by logic; not so hard, because human nature, as modern statesmanship sees it, has means of accommodation to many forms of rule, provided one or two of its deeply seated wants are satisfied. One of them, with which Mr. Balfour declines to acquaint himself, is that good government is no substitute for self-government. Mr. Balfour appears or affects to think that because Ireland is no longer "robbed," or "exploited," or "oppressed" by British officials, and because she can claim a fairly potent share in Imperial concerns, she has no right to press her claim to "separate nationality," or that if she does, she is debarred from doing so under any banner but that of separation. In practice, this conclusion of Mr. Balfour's means that Irish Nationalism must choose between "cutting the painter" and being governed by British Boards and British Doles. It is not a happy thing that Irish Nationalism stops short of the extreme demand, while it asks us to advance to something beyond the second position. It is something so anomalous, so contrary to the esoteric law of human development, that Mr. Balfour declines even to consider it. Ireland has no right to demand the emblems of nationality from us, because she never had them, and therefore we could not have taken them away from her—a proposition which we imagine the historians of Irish culture would never accept. But supposing it were true? Is there nothing in the demand made by the Canadian and the Australian—both well-marked "national" types—for national autonomy, qualified by and coupled with Imperial citizenship? And why does the Irish demand resemble in character that of the free Colonial? For the obvious reason that while Ireland is too near and too like Great Britain to want separation, she is too far and too unlike to be content with a merely Anglicized form of government. And what true and deep motive is it which forbids her to accept the careless generosity with which Unionism now veils its denial of self-government? The motive is that if the old Unionism created an enemy Ireland across the Atlantic, the new Unionism must develop, and is developing, an enfeebled and corrupted Ireland at home. The measure of Irish discontent is therefore the measure of Irish patriotism; and Mr. Balfour merely rules himself out of the sphere of conciliation which the party leaders have now, we hope, set up, when he denies that the problem of Irish government exists, or that if it does, the Nationalists have put it in the right way.

We turn, therefore, to Mr. Asquith's more pertinent dealing with the conditions of settlement—for even Sir Edward Carson is a "settler"—which the spokesman of Ulster laid down. They were, in brief, that such a settlement must not be humiliating or degrading to Protestant Ulster; that Ulster must not be subject to differential treatment; that she must retain the full protection of the Imperial Parliament; and that any

Bill which she accepts must not form a possible basis for separation. That is, as the Prime Minister says, a demand for Home Rule all round. In principle, Mr. Asquith concedes these postulates, subject to the condition of not imposing a cast-iron settlement on all the countries concerned without regard to the special Irish conditions, "economic, social, historical." In other words, Ireland may obviously want more than Scotland or Wales may want, and in a different way. What, therefore, can the Federalists—if the Tory Party are to be reckoned as committed to Federalism—fairly demand of a revised Irish Bill? It seems to us that they cannot require the exclusion of the four counties, a solution to which we are and have been entirely opposed, and to which we do not think that the Government ought to assent. The exclusion of Ulster involves the dismemberment of one of the national units of which a federal scheme would consist, as well as a weakening of the whole fibre of Imperial government. On the other hand, a plan of "Home Rule within Home Rule" is quite compatible with Federalism. What then, the Unionists may ask, can the Government do to convert the Home Rule Bill into a stepping-stone to a federal system, which must clearly be evolved by the combined efforts of all the great parties? To this implied question Mr. Asquith gave for the moment an adequate reply when he hinted at the elimination of its anti-Federal features. The Prime Minister named only one such object in the Home Rule landscape—the separate Irish Post Office. There is, of course, another, the partial separation of Customs. If, therefore, the Unionist of Mr. Oliver's type concedes the priority of the Irish case, all that he can at present demand is that its settlement should set up no fresh obstacles to an ultimate Federalism. In its bosom lies undoubtedly the germ of the reconciliation of Ulster, and that is a great prize to aim at.

The question remains whether the whole business of British and Irish government is ripe for solution on federal lines. To that important issue, now steadily assuming shape, it is essential that the Government should devote themselves. If Federalism is not possible, the sooner that path is definitely barred the better. If, on the other hand, it is possible, but not ripe, the sowing of the virgin mind of the nation with some elementary ideas upon it cannot be undertaken too soon. For the moment we consider the application of federalism to these islands we are confronted with three or four outstanding difficulties, on none of which, we venture to say, has much thought been bestowed. Let us state them in brief:—

1. The first decision to be taken is whether we desire the reform of the Imperial Parliament by way of a drastic change in its procedure, or whether we prefer a delegation of powers to subordinate assemblies for England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland. A vital change in the character of the House of Commons is an inevitable consequence of Federalism.

2. The second is whether we desire a single or a double Imperial Assembly, and what kind of revising power we should reserve to it in its relations with the national bodies.

3. The third is the creation of a totally new system of Imperial and local finance.

But beyond and above all these considerations is the governing difficulty of English public opinion. Of the three other nationalities it may be said with truth that they are ripe, or nearly ripe, for Home Rule. Of England, the predominant partner, we can affirm nothing whatever. She has neither said "Yes," nor "No." She has not considered the question herself, nor have her statesmen presented it to her in any other form than as a signpost to an agreed settlement of the Irish difficulty. But that is not enough. Constitutions cannot be made or re-made out of the brains of the masters of the arts of formalism. They must grow out of the deep-seated needs, and the broad, if half-realized, conceptions, of the national will. It is to this fountain that our leaders must go if they would draw fresh life for the State, and dig new channels for fertilizing its activities.

HOW TO REFORM THE INCOME-TAX.

No part of Mr. Asquith's speech at Oldham has aroused more attention than the brief but precise declaration in favor of the reconstruction of the income-tax. It is his opinion "that the time has come for a complete re-examination in all directions, both downwards and upwards, of the whole system of exemption, of abatement, and of graduation, which has grown up in the most haphazard fashion, and which might well be replaced by provisions which should make the tax both wider and more equitable in its incidence, and more productive in its yield." Mr. Asquith was careful to describe this statement as a mere expression of his own opinion. But such an expression obviously gives the direction to an early fiscal policy. The "complete re-examination" he indicates is certainly overdue. The income-tax, in conjunction with death duties, must in the future be the source of an ever-increasing share of that growing revenue, which, apart from all issues of economy and waste, is necessary for the upkeep of a modern State.

Now, the present structure of that tax is clumsy, wasteful, and inequitable in many ways, as even a cursory consideration of its schedules indicates. The abatements, discrimination of earned and unearned income, graduation, and super-tax, all bear the signs of temporary expediency and improvisation. The general effect of the present system is a rough and jolting "graduation" upon incomes of from £160 per annum to £5,000 by an awkward process in which exemption, graduation, and discrimination cross one another and overlap at arbitrarily selected points. At £400, £500, £600, £700, £2,000, £3,000, and £5,000 sudden new demands are made. The first and most urgent reform is the adoption of some smoother and more continuous mode of graduation. For it is evident that, at or about the incomes where any of these sudden jumps take place, a considerable loss of revenue occurs from the temptation to under-statement, while the inherent injustice of such sudden arbitrary increases of rate feeds feelings of resentment. This injury and waste can only be adequately remedied by substituting for these clumsy

exemptions and advances a continuous series of minute increments measured in percentages of income. By adopting such a method, not merely would the grievances of the present tax be remedied, but progression might be carried forward, so as to make the super-tax at once a more scientific and a more profitable instrument of revenue. For the graduation, provided at present for the super-tax incomes by the exemption from all incomes alike of the sum of £3,000, is quite inadequate as a mode of procuring a reasonably large contribution from the very rich. A Liberal finance must for the future devise methods of applying the principle of ability to pay with more courage and with greater productivity to that class of citizen whose large and expanding income does not really feel the present fixed super-tax of sixpence in the pound as any burden or sacrifice. It must firmly extend the conception of "unearned" income, so as to realize the principle that great wealth, whatever its immediate source, is in no true sense a reward for, or an incentive to, the personal productive skill or energy of its recipient, and therefore possesses full ability to bear high taxation without the power to shift its incidence. That there are limits to the operation of this policy we are well aware. With every increase of such taxation the temptations to evasion and concealment advance, and among the very rich there is a type of cosmopolitan who might even shift his domicile to a lower area of taxation if our demands on his purse become too heavy.

But these considerations do not preclude the graduation upwards which Mr. Asquith holds out for consideration. The object of reform should be to secure that, by a finer process of this graduation, carried far beyond the present upward limit, the principle of payment according to ability should be better applied. We are aware that some Treasury officials have persistently pressed against such proposals objections based upon the alleged necessity for collection at the source. Two-thirds or more of the tax is so collected, and any attempt to substitute taxation based on individual returns would, in their judgment, prove disastrous. True graduation, which can only be based on individual incomes, is, to those who hold this view, impossible. Now, in the process of reconsideration which Mr. Asquith desires, we think that this official judgment should be put severely to the question. Is it impracticable to obtain returns of all individual incomes from all sources, and to base graduations on these returns, applying careful checks and penalties by means of additional returns from companies and other collective sources? Unless some such means can be devised, whereby every citizen of means shall keep his account with the State, disclosing his full income and paying on it, we cannot hope to realize the justice and expediency of the maxim of payment according to "ability" which is the only equitable basis of taxation.

Upon one other important topic raised by Mr. Asquith's declaration we desire to express a decided opinion. If his statement in favor of a re-examination "downward and upward" indicates a disposition to consider a lowering of the limit of exemption, so as to make working-class incomes of, say, from £100 to £160, contribute to direct taxation, it seems to us that any

such proposal should be ruled out at once. No consideration of the abstract desirability of making all classes realize that they are directly contributing to the revenue can weigh against the fact that any attempt to extort additional taxation even from the workers in receipt of the higher grades of wages would be an attack upon a present standard of living that would react most detrimentally upon the efficiency of labor, and thus upon the springs of national health. Even if it were suggested that such extension downwards of the income-tax might be compensated by a reduction of the indirect taxes which the workers bear at present, we should still regard the proposal as unwise and impracticable. For the cost and odium of its collection would be inordinately great. It could not possibly be collected in annual payments, as is the case with the existing tax. Its collection would involve an addition to the stoppage from weekly wages which is the sorest part of the recent insurance policy. No Government which proposed such a tax would live to enjoy its fruits, and the irritation attending the new impost so collected would damage or destroy that very sense of responsibility among the working-classes for acts of public policy upon which the advocates of this lowering of the limit usually rely.

For the proposal, which we see Mr. Norman Angell urges in his latest brochure, "War and the Workers," for ear-marking expenditure on armaments so as to make it a special charge upon the income-tax, a good deal can be said. It would doubtless give a considerable advantage to the anti-militarist groups to make the possessing classes fully conscious that they were to bear each increase of military expenditure. But we fear that the loss of flexibility in fiscal policy might even outweigh the educative value of these tactics. We hope, however, to see a full discussion of this, as of other proposals for financial reconstruction, at no distant time.

THE EXAMPLE FROM FRANCE.

THE real importance of a political crisis in France is not always proportioned to the noise which it makes in the press. If the French are less disposed than we are to take their politics as sport, they are more disposed to regard them as drama. Looking back upon the series of Ministerial changes of recent years, the memory recalls with difficulty the question of principle or tactics which was nominally involved. What looms distinctly through the haze is the personality of a Clemenceau or a Briand, a Delcassé or a Millerand. They are all notable figures on the stage of affairs, whose names and records rouse anger and hope, expectation and attention. There was no such element of drama in the crisis of last week. Neither M. Barthou who fell, nor M. Doumergue who rises, can be reckoned among the dramatic figures of politics. But in spite of the absence of the dramatic figure, and though it turned in appearance on nothing more exciting than a minor problem in finance, this crisis has been anything but dull, and it measures a movement of European importance. The real issue is the triumph or defeat of the tendency known as the New Nationalism, which is

incarnated for the moment in the person of M. Poincaré. It has suffered a serious check, and it seems likely that the mishap of December will be the prelude to a disaster at the elections in May. M. Poincaré did his best, and it was not an adroit or resourceful best, to evade the consequences of the defeat of M. Barthou's Ministry, with whose fortunes his own cause was closely identified. He refused to summon M. Caillaux to power, though he had led the successful Opposition. He entrusted by turns the conservative M. Ribot and the moderate M. Jean Dupuy with the formation of a Ministry, and each of them failed. Their failure showed that M. Caillaux has at last succeeded in regimenting the Radical Left into a solid party which will stand together, and refuse the bribe of office which has always availed to break up French groups in the past. A Ministry has now been formed, which includes M. Caillaux at the head of the vital department of finance. Though it is neither a very homogeneous nor a very distinguished combination, the comments of the Conservative press suffice to mark the triumph of M. Caillaux. They call him its dictator, and prophesy the end of all things. It is the cry of defeat.

There was in truth nothing particularly new about the New Nationalism. It was composed of the usual elements of irrationalism, subjection to authority, and, above all, militarism, which go to the makings of all reaction. It began in a Catholic revival. It derived, as Syndicalism also does, a species of philosophic sanction from M. Bergson and the cult of instinct and unreason. It was not ashamed to avow its filial piety towards the older reaction, and distinguished itself by reinstating in the army that deplorable anti-Dreyfusard, Major Du Paty de Clam. It revived the picturesque Good Friday ritual in the Navy, and set itself with drums and trumpets to stir up the boyish militarism of French crowds. It entrenched itself in power by electing M. Poincaré to the Presidency, and told him in the usual Caesarian formulae that France had need of a "strong man" and a President who would govern. All this was the emotional preparation. The real achievement of the New Nationalism was the passage through M. Poincaré's influence, under Russian prompting, of the Three Years' Service Law. The building of unnecessary Dreadnoughts is an easy indiscretion for a strong Ministry to indulge. But to impose an additional year's service on every French recruit is an offering to militarism which levies its direct tax on every family. That return to a harsher servitude is still the governing fact in French politics, and half the significance of M. Barthou's fall lies in the fact that he was overthrown in the first embarrassed effort to finance the new burden.

The other half of the new fact is the record of M. Caillaux. He is a man of challenging personality and decided opinions, the champion of the income-tax, and the opponent, unluckily, of proportional representation—a fact which may end by destroying the hope of Socialist collaboration with his party. But to his opponents in this crisis he is above all the man who nearly concluded an *entente* with Germany before the Agadir affair, and resolutely led the opposition to the

Three Years' Bill. He personifies the forces that oppose the reaction in all its phases, but above all he incarnates the resistance to militarism. His success may not be permanent, and his range of action must at present be circumscribed. A leader who has to reckon on the support of personalities so antagonistic as M. Clemenceau and M. Jaurès is doomed to caution and compromise. But after German clumsiness and his own indiscretions had discredited his foreign policy of conciliation, his return to office and influence is a symptom which English Liberals will welcome with pleasure and watch with hope. Since M. Caillaux attempted to make a permanent reconciliation with Germany by breaking down the financial boycott against her enterprises and by a Colonial bargain, our own diplomacy has succeeded on the same lines. The German Chancellor's speech of this week is one proof the more that nothing more than a memory is left of the old Anglo-German antagonism. The two countries have collaborated in the Concert; they are arranging every cause of competition and friction, and the naval rivalry has reached its term. The megalomania of our Admiralty is forced to seek for new formulæ and new standards. It is no longer against Germany, but against the whole Triple Alliance, that we are invited to build. The change of front is a proof that the old hatreds are bankrupt, and the new formula, with its crazy arithmetic and its unintelligible politics, is simply a means of defining a maximum and asking with no regard for our needs or dangers for the largest navy which any conceivable Budget would bear. To arm against Italy and Austria as our enemies, without reckoning France and Russia as our friends, is a policy from the world of nightmare. The true line of diplomatic advance is by the inclusion of France in our reconciliation with Germany, and the best policy in regard to armaments is to aim at a limitation, not of shipbuilding only or of armies, but of the total naval and military budget. The success of M. Caillaux is an incentive to perseverance. When British Radicals are prepared to treat Mr. Churchill's estimates as French Radicals treated M. Barthou's loan the end of the European madness will have come.

THE LABOR DISPUTES.

THE decision of the special meeting of the Trade Union Congress to continue negotiations with the Dublin employers was the verdict of common sense in Labor politics. The size of the majority in favor of this course was probably enhanced by Mr. Larkin's tactics. If Mr. Larkin had either stayed in Dublin, or had returned thither after his impressive appearance at the Albert Hall, his personality and the revolutionary method for which he stood would have wrought far more powerfully among the rank and file of the English trade-unionists in favor of immediate and drastic action. For it is notorious that a strong spirit of revolt against leadership and conservative methods has been astir throughout our labor movement. But the strange campaign of violent personal animosity upon which Mr. Larkin embarked, culminating in an attempt, by charges of betrayal, to defeat the efforts of the

English labor representatives to make a settlement at Dublin, brought about a strong rally of sentiment in favor of organization and orderly procedure. The refusal of a general sympathetic strike by a majority of ten to one must not, therefore, be misunderstood as an absolute repudiation of this method of industrial war. Most trade-union leaders have now so clear a conception of the solidarity of labor that they are willing to contemplate the use of the sympathetic strike, extending at least to a group of national trades, as a weapon of last resort. What they rejected last Tuesday was the impatient dismissal of other more feasible and less perilous modes of settlement.

The sympathy and solidarity of labor can be utilized in two alternative ways for the assistance of workers engaged in a local struggle, by sympathetic contributions and by the sympathetic strike. The English trade unions many weeks ago committed themselves to the former policy, and their large subscriptions, already amounting to some £70,000, have helped to maintain the resistance of the Dublin strikers. They are now preparing to increase their contributions, if necessary, by regular levies on their members. Mr. Smillie, President of the Miners' Federation, "believed he could pledge the miners to give £1,500 or even £2,000 a week to keep and feed and clothe the Dublin people until they won." In our opinion, this steadily maintained and liberal support of their Dublin brethren by the British workers would, as an achievement of discipline and organization, do far more to consolidate the forces of labor than even the dramatic triumph of a general strike. But, apart from this important consideration, the discussion at the Congress disclosed two powerful tactical reasons for preferring the continuance of pacific pressure. While the English unions are anxious to secure victory at Dublin, they will not risk everything upon this throw. They cannot ignore the impending issues in their own country. In two great public and semi-public services the outlook is extremely grave. Though for the moment it looks as if more conservative counsels may prevail in the postal union, the issue of the fifteen per cent. does not admit of easy settlement, and though intelligible motives have postponed the crisis until the New Year, trouble is bound to come unless Mr. Samuel can find some means to soften the heart of the Treasury. His position is, no doubt, peculiarly difficult, pulled, as he complains, by the employees who want higher pay, the public who want better services, and the taxpayer who wants to keep down expenditure. But in his effort to do justice to all three claims, he might adopt a more conciliatory tone to his fellow-servants in the Post Office. It is true that they have no special right to share the profits of a Government monopoly; but every monopoly is under a special obligation to pay the wages of a "best employer," which its sheltered position enables it to do. Though the detailed merits of the argument between Mr. Samuel and the union as to the cost of meeting their demands are difficult for outsiders to estimate, the claim of the latter that the money wages acknowledged to be proper four years ago shall be raised to meet the admitted rise of prices has every appearance

of justice. Unless some substantial acknowledgment of this claim is made, it is unlikely that an open conflict can be long postponed.

Not less serious is the railway outlook. Well-informed persons indeed regard a general strike in that industry as a fixture for next summer. We cite these instances as affording a partial explanation of the unwillingness even of the more "Syndicalist" wing of English unionists to yield to the precipitancy of Mr. Larkin and his friends. The proposal that all transport workers, by land or sea, should refuse to handle alleged "tainted goods" going to or coming from the Dublin employers was in effect a proposal to revert to a method which was tried and had failed in the early weeks of this very conflict. It failed for several good reasons: first, because no proper means exist for discriminating between tainted and untainted goods; and, secondly, because the transport companies are under legal obligations which preclude them from yielding to this particular mode of pressure. Finally, it failed because this sort of sympathy cannot be relied upon to induce a sufficient proportion of workers to incur the heavy costs and pains of unemployment.

But quite apart from these considerations, the contribution policy appears more likely to succeed. The negotiations carried on last week by the English labor leaders were not unsuccessful. The Dublin employers have formally yielded upon the issue which led to the lock-out, viz., their demand for a renunciation of membership of the Transport Union. Indeed, the issue was last week whittled down to the single question of general or partial reinstatement. We do not underestimate this difficulty which, in a conflict of such long duration, becomes continually graver. The employers will not undertake to dismiss all the men they have taken on, in order to make room for all who are out. The workers cannot sign a treaty which betrays and penalizes a large number of their comrades. There is, indeed, no accepted principle of justice or policy capable of easy application to this question of reinstatement. For the demand for general reinstatement by the men is in effect the assertion of a novel doctrine of business structure, which has so far obtained no recognition in law, and very little in the sentiment of the employing and professional classes. That demand is a particular application of the "right to work," an assertion that the men who have been in regular employment in a business possess an equitable claim to retain their posts unless some inefficiency or other personal defect can be adduced against them. The fact of membership of a trade union, and even of the temporary withdrawal by a strike or lock-out as a method of collective bargaining, they do not admit to cancel their claim upon their job. There is a real equity underlying this attitude, for which the better English employers have, as a rule, a sort of sneaking sympathy. At any rate, when the other issues of a quarrel can be brought to a settlement, they generally find the means of restoring to their former places the men who have been "out." The Dublin employers must learn this lesson of equity or of discretion if they are to hope for future peace in the conduct of their businesses. They must not penalize the men who resisted their attempt to stamp out the Transport Union.

Life and Letters.

A PREFACE TO FEMINISM.

THE title of the *Women's Theatre* is provocative of questions. What theatre, one is tempted to ask, has escaped from women? Was there ever a play, on the modern stage, which ignored them? Where else but in the theatre have they won triumphs ungrudging and glories unstinted? Every theatre in one sense has been a women's theatre, and has busied itself with their loves and hates, their charms and follies, their sufferings and virtues. But the feminist has her ready answer. The women of the theatre have been women of men's creation. They have paraded for centuries on the stage the passions with which men endowed them, danced to the tunes which he composed, and revolved in prescribed orbits round his needs, his emotions, his ideals. The theatre which a distinguished group of actresses has inaugurated this week at the "Coronet," aims at producing plays which give women's point of view. It is disappointing to find that they have turned to male writers to expound it. Brieux is followed by Björnson. We do not know to whom else they will turn. There is Euripides and there is Ibsen. But we are disposed to doubt whether among any of these they will find a view of the drama of life which is authentically woman's. Here, indeed, are four dramatists who saw women as human beings, who had emancipated themselves from the conventions which have made of women the satellites of men's emotional needs in art as in life, who loved a rebel, and gave to woman their deepest sympathy when she turned to assert her own human dignity and independence. But their point of view cannot be that of the rebel herself. They are spectators, and it is by a process of divination that they interpret the emotions of the duel. Three of them are partisans, and two of them were consciously dealing a chivalrous blow on behalf of women in a battle which raged hotly around them. But Brieux, though his sympathies are obvious and warm, writes from a standpoint which seems to be somewhat colder and more intellectual. If he has a "point of view," he severely represses it. If he has a solution, he conceals it. He enforces no moral; he teaches no theory. What he has done in "*Woman on her Own*" is to propound a problem, and to hurl a question at modern civilization with a sure aim and a powerful arm. It is a preface to our future thinking on women's questions, and for that reason, perhaps, the most brilliant choice which a "women's theatre" could have made for its introduction to a series of "feminist" plays.

"It is vain," wrote Mary Wollstonecraft, in the first illumination that came from the French Revolution, "to expect virtue from women till they are in some degree independent of men." Her daring thesis seems axiomatic to most modern men and women to-day. But a century after the first statement of the ideal, Brieux has written his play to show his contemporaries how difficult, nay, how impossible, it is in the modern world to realize it in practice. His heroine sets out confident in the first act to realize her economic independence. The second act shows the failure of one promising effort. The third opens with an experiment still more brilliant, and closes after one of the most powerful scenes that any modern playwright has written, in hopeless and apparently irretrievable defeat. The opening of the play is inevitably less interesting and less arresting to an English audience than it would be in France. *Thérèse*, a girl of twenty-three, who has been well-educated, has literary ambitions, and ventures to assert herself discreetly against a conventional god-mother of the old school, is for us more normal, less daring, and less interesting, than she would seem to French theatre-goers. We take this not very dangerous measure of independence for granted. It requires, moreover, an effort of emotional translation to appreciate the position in which she and her callow young *fiancé* find themselves. She has suddenly lost her inheritance, which was the dowry on which he had reckoned, and in breaking off the engagement to please his parents, everyone, even

Thérèse herself, seems to feel that he is acting with average prudence, and with a regard for the interests of himself and his family which is perfectly respectable and usual. Her refusal to gamble on her chance of attracting in the marriage market some wealthy, elderly admirer, who can afford to dispense with a dowry, seems to an English audience rather an evidence of ordinary decent feeling than of exceptional heroism.

The second act describes a phase of women's struggle to conquer a secure place in the labor market which would seem unduly pessimistic as a picture of its condition in this country. Thérèse is earning her living as a member of the literary staff of a women's weekly paper. "La Femme Libre" boasts itself the organ of ultra-modern feminist ideas; but, unluckily for Thérèse, it depends on the male capitalist, and her position is at the mercy of an editor who is a rather brutal specimen of the average sensual man. With little attempt at disguise or finesse, he confronts her with the choice of becoming his mistress or submitting to the halving of her salary and the doubling of her work. The incident is rather crudely handled, and all the conditions of this newspaper office belong to a phase which "woman on her own" has in this country on the whole outlived—at least, where some skill and education gives her labor its value in the market. It is the sempstress or the shop-girl who has more often to face the hideous form of exploitation that confronted Thérèse. Since Gissing wrote the "Odd Women," the picture in Brieux's play of the concealed despair, the sense of life wasted and instincts thwarted, which is, on his reading, the dominant mood of the woman earning her own living, seems overdrawn and one-sided. No human being, man or woman, can renounce one-half of life without some sense of loss and failure. But the "odd women" of our generation, who will never marry or bear children, have found in numbers and comradeship a courage, a pride, and a just sense of their own value in the world which these isolated pioneers of the Parisian newspaper had not yet begun to feel.

It is in its third act that this play develops even for the English spectator its real power and its intellectual grip. Thérèse has found work as a book-binder in a provincial factory. The employer is a rather weak but not unkindly capitalist, who "took her on" in good nature, and retained her when he came to appreciate her somewhat unscrupulous gifts as an organizer. She enlists the women of the factory in a separate trade union, and unblushingly plays her part as a leader of "blacklegs." Women, she will argue, are really better workers than men, but because they do not drink, they can afford a lower standard of comfort, and can thrive on a lower level of wages than men. Disputes in this factory are chronic, and Thérèse is the resolute "blackleg" captain who offers to do the men's work and to do it for a lower wage. Brieux gives to her attitude a certain theoretic dignity. She has felt the stress of the sex-war. She has come down to her provincial refuge from her defeat in Paris full of bitterness after her first contact with the egoism of men. She sees life as competition, and if it comes to competition, she is acting with the normal morality of commerce in undercutting her competitors. The enemy for her is not the capitalist, who would be delighted to succumb to the temptation to exploit the cheap labor of her women: her enemies are rather the men who stand in her way on the path of independence. Thérèse is a fighter, and if she is a traitor to her class, it is because she is a brave champion of her sex. But Brieux is careful to show us the pitiable meanness of the attitude, when two women of her union slink cringing to the employer with an offer to stand by him through thick and thin, and an assurance that they will "do it cheap." There is some justification here for the taunt of the men's leader that women are slaves who like to be slaves. But the resources of Brieux's talent are more profitably engaged in exposing the egoism and brutality of the male workmen—and he was brilliantly seconded by the actors at the "Coronet." In them mingles the righteous indignation against the blackleg with the man's contempt for his own half-enfranchised chattels. The dialogue between the women and the men with the

physical struggle into which it degenerates is, perhaps, the ugliest and most painful scene which we have ever witnessed on the modern stage, but it is also among the most powerful and the most illuminating. It presents the shock of three egoisms—the brutal egoism of the men, who resent above all else the new independence of the women; the more pardonable egoism of the women, who have sunk all else in the pursuit of the momentary interests of their sex; the purely personal egoism of the employer, who hopes feebly and rather helplessly to draw his exploiter's profit as the *tertius gaudens* in this battle between the men and women beneath him. It ends, as such conflicts must always end, in the triumph of physical force. The men do not shrink from beating the women, and they threaten *sabotage* to the machines. The employer yields, and Thérèse is dismissed. The woman on her own has failed again.

Brieux's play stands in need of not a little faithful translation before the English spectator can derive benefit from its powerful statement of a problem. We agree readily enough that woman can free herself from the various forms of sale, differing only by their respectability from prostitution, when she has won for her self the possibility of economic independence. Her path to that goal seems clearer among us than in the society which Brieux depicts. We think, moreover, that we have our ready answer to the third act. The men of the book-binding factory, for all their brutality, were, on the whole, in the right. They were standing in theory for the common interests of all wage-earners, and Thérèse was simply a blackleg, who had entered the ranks of labor to betray it. Our "feminists" (to use an obnoxious word) do not make her mistake, and so far from wishing to undercut male labor, their demand is for "equal pay for equal work." All this is partially true, and at least it tends to grow truer. But a fairer review of the whole field would perhaps suggest to us that we have rather evaded Thérèse's problem than solved it. Our post-offices and our schools give a flagrant example of the unequal standard. But our plan is more often to turn the difficulty. We admit the equal standard in theory, but we take care in practice that men shall monopolize the more highly paid grades of work, while we allot the less coveted tasks to women. The egoism of our sex-competition is less crude and less brutal than that which Brieux depicts. Our English tact can avoid these extreme positions, shirk the frank application of doctrinaire rules, and conceal an ugly conflict with shibboleths of mutual respect and regard. But the conflict is none the less latent, and it sharpens to an issue. The desperate solution of pure feminism (if such a thing exists) is as hopeless as the conventional practice of the masculinism which till lately ruled the world. The duel, if we were to embark on it, would end as Thérèse's struggle did, in a riot of competing egoisms, and the triumph of brute force. The ideal of the future must be a humanism which no more idealizes "the woman on her own" than it admires the isolated man, but allows to each personality and freedom, and links them in a comradeship against the lusts and the brutalities which would destroy them both.

A DEPARTED GLORY.

It was a lightning tragedy, said "Astral," one of the two experts in pugilism writing for the "Daily News and Leader" last Tuesday. It was "Ichabod," said "A. G. G."; it was "Ichabod," for the glory had departed. Between them, those two connoisseurs in the noble art exactly covered the situation. The contest of Monday night was a private tragedy and a national eclipse. Here was a fine young Englishman, who, by strength and courage, had reached the summit of our country's fame, and made the renown of Prime Ministers and Chancellors of the Exchequer to seem ridiculous. The East End, we believe, gave him birth; Stepney reared him, and in Shadwell a Cadet Company of the old Second Foot (The Queen's) laid the foundation of his prowess. The Gunners had known him; bit by bit he fought his

way up to the degree of Bombardier. Civil life to him only opened up new vistas of glory. He advanced, like Napoleon, from victory to victory. Europe trembled at his name, and, for another world to conquer, his eyes were turned towards a newer hemisphere. Suddenly came Ghent. It was his Leipzig. On Monday night came the National Sporting Club. Rightly does "Astral" or "A. G. G." call it his Waterloo. A century after the Napoleonic drama, the world witnesses a tragedy as complete.

Waterloo lasted nine hours; in seventy-three seconds the Bombardier fell. Before his assailant he stood, bemused and numb, like an animal fascinated by the sight of doom. A blow on the heart, a blow on the body and face, and he was helpless. An upward blow on the left jaw brought him down. It was the same blow with which Epeius made Euryalus leap and fall in the Iliad's pugilistic encounter; the same with which Amycus in the Theocritan fight tried to knock out Polydeuces. (He, however, swiftly dodged his head, with his right straight from the shoulder, struck his adversary on the temple, and with his left struck him full on the mouth, making his teeth rattle, so that he fell and begged for mercy.) In epic style, "Astral" describes the result of the blow:—

"It was not a knock-out, but it knocked all the fight out of the Englishman. His slender, elongated frame wilted, his legs gradually crumpled, and, after falling on his knees, he rolled over on his side and took the full count with an agonized expression that had not left his face when his seconds took him to his corner."

As a bard uttering a threnody over the vanquished (it is very noticeable how naturally the exponents of the prize-ring have always risen to poetic language, as may be seen in any number of the old "Bell's Life" or the "Licensed Victuallers' Gazette"), so "A. G. G." continues the narrative and draws the moral of dramatic disaster:—

"And in the corner is his (Carpentier's) handiwork. He had risen half a minute before" (this is poetic licence; the time, as we said, was seventy-three seconds) "a fine spectacle" (the commentators suggest "specimen," but we follow the text) "of a vigorous Englishman. And now he sits like a wreck, his head rolling helpless (ly) from side to side, his seconds fanning him, massaging him, pouring water over him. And when at length he staggers to his feet and endeavors to address the crowd, he finds how little pity the world has for the defeated."

There is the lightning tragedy and its moral, drawn with the insight of a poet and the knowledge of an expert—the contrast between almost superhuman glory and sudden ruin, the fear, the pity of it all, the remorseless brutality of the vulgar mob pouring out execration upon a fallen idol. To the private and personal tragedy of the scene, we, who are neither poets nor experts in pugilism, can hope to add nothing.

We come to the national eclipse and the cry of "Ichabod." As one of the above-mentioned experts truly says, "to thousands of gentlemen in evening dress around him, the glory of England was bound up with the fate of Bombardier Wells"; and with Wells the glory departed. One remembers the well-known passage in which George Borrow tells how while he was sitting next a Quaker lady at dinner, she began to lament the corruption of present-day manners, and when he asked for particulars, she instanced the decline of "the bruisers." It is one of Borrow's best inventions, and many besides Quakers have regretted that decline. Borrow himself joined heartily in the lamentation:—

"Let no one sneer at the bruisers of England," he cries in "Lavengro." "What were the gladiators of Rome, or the bull-fighters of Spain in its palmiest days, compared to England's bruisers?"

For some pages he continues his panegyric, but we extract only one passage, so mournfully applicable to the present week:—

"I have known the time," he writes, "when a pugilistic encounter between two noted champions was almost considered in the light of a national affair. . . . But the time is past, and many people will say, Thank God that it is. All I have to say is, that the French still live on the other side of the water, and are still casting their eyes hitherward—and that in the days of pugilism it was no vain boast to say, that one Englishman was a match for two of t'other race."

That was written more than sixty years ago, and, alas, alas! where is boasting now? It is excluded—excluded, must we say, for ever! If we are forced to say that, think what such an admission implies! The inevitable results of a decline in bruisers are set forth with appalling detail by "Nimrod," who published his excellent "Life of a Sportsman" about the same year as "Lavengro." Though the Sportsman's life was chiefly occupied in the pursuit of foxes, he finds place for a discussion on "the ring." He maintains that "the display of manly intrepidity, firmness, gallantry, activity, strength, and presence of mind which these contests call forth, is an honor to the English nation," and he goes on to chant the following terrific prophecy:—

"We may safely predict that, if the magistrates, or Government, through a mistaken notion of preserving the public peace, succeed in suppressing them, there will be an end to that sense of honor, and spirit, and gallantry, which distinguishes the common people of this country from that of all others; and which is not only the best guardian of their morals, but, perhaps, the only security now left either for our civil liberty or political independence."

"Boxing matches," he cries a little further on, and he returns several times to his assertion—"boxing matches could not be abolished without encouraging assassination." The fist of England alone saves us, he repeats, from the knives of Spain and other objectionable countries. We read and shudder. Because the Bombardier fell, are we to be murdered in our beds? Because Carpentier triumphed, are our morals to be driven to France? Shall the King abdicate and the Lord Chief Justice resign, seeing that no security is now left either for our civil liberty or political independence? We look around in vain for the natural defenders of our business and our bosoms. "Here we have the English people at their grandest," said Fleetwood when Kit Ines was about to encounter Ben Todds in "The Amazing Marriage":—

"Here we have the English people at their grandest, in prime condition, if not drunk over-night; and dogged, perfectly awake, magnanimous, all for fair play; fine fellows, upon my word."

Has it all vanished now—all that doggedness, magnanimity, and fair play? In some stupendous conflict with Spain, the British General adjured his troops to remember the beef on which they had been nurtured, and never to suppose themselves conquerable by men who had lived on oranges. Do cheers for Carpentier, arising from restaurants in Soho and Paris, where the staple nutriment is believed to consist of frogs and snails—do those Frenchified cheers and exclamations sound the death-knell of Britain's beef and grandeur? Alas! where now is Tom Cribb, who, when insulted in a crowd, magnanimously observed, "Damn it! I can't hit you. I'm Tom Cribb!" Where is Thomas Belcher, whose spotted necktie won the imitation of the world? Where is Teucer, his son, surpassed only by his father's fame? Where are Jem Mace and Tony Diamond? The Prossian and the Tipton Slasher, where? In what hidden way is Ned Painter, or the Yorkshire Tit? Where are the glories of the British race, and the snows of yester-year?

One thing alone remains for us to do, and it is an act of reverential homage. Upon the gentle eminence which poetic Londoners call their Northern Heights, the mighty bones of him lie buried in whose honor the poet sang:—

"Disabled with his right,
He still maintained the fight,
He held his ground from morn till night,
Did lion-hearted Tommy."

In Highgate Cemetery, not too far removed from the Five Bells where he received his training for that Titanic contest in which neither he nor American Heenan would ever yield the victory, eternal slumber now enwraps Tom Sayers. At the foot of his tomb sits the monument of his dog, wrought to high polish by the affectionate and caressing hands of a public mindful of greatness; just as, in outlandish regions, the shrines of saints are polished by the pilgrims' hands or knees or kisses. Now, in this our day of humiliation, let each of us register a vow to give that monumental dog one pat before the week is out. For in his marble lineaments that shiny creature expresses more than he knows. He is Ichabod—the symbol of a glory that has departed.

ON POPULAR ENGLISH.

WE have long thought of the old popular English language as of a buried city, some Pompeii or Herculaneum, submerged sometime in the middle of the last century by a flood, if not of lava, at least of dull grey ashes. We surmise that somewhere about 1870 is the fatal date. At any rate, when some explorer, like Mrs. E. M. Wright in her new book, "Rustic Speech and Folk Lore" (published by the Oxford University Press), leads us about its deserted streets, we find ourselves exclaiming at every step, "This is our old home." Every nook and cranny has its tale to tell. How its streets for centuries hummed and throbbed with the old life of England! Alas! that it should be a buried city—that the old popular English should be all but a dead language! The popular English of the present day is not so much literary English (though that is what the instructors of the people doubtless aimed at) as newspaper English—reporters' English. In old England there was no distinction between the literary and the popular speech. Chaucer wrote as the people talked. The schism—the division between book English and spoken English—came in in the sixteenth century. It grew wider in the seventeenth, with writers like Milton, Jeremy Taylor, and Sir Thomas Browne, admirable as, in their own way, these euphuists may be. But the people went on talking as they had done in Chaucer's time, at least till the 'sixties of the last century. The popular phrase "to talk like a book" shows the people's consciousness of this division. But how much worse the lad who had learned to talk like a book talked than his father and mother and all their forefathers before them!

The old popular English may not have been literary, but it was certainly poetic English. It was the English of Chaucer and Shakespeare. Let us give at random one or two examples of this. The country people everywhere still speak of a storm as "a tempest." Above a certain level of "culture" the word has become obsolete. But what a glorious word it is! Again, in many parts of England the air is called "the element." "The element was all a-light," it will be said. Country children again always call a conjurer "a juggler." How much more Shakespearean, at once more poetical and more full of the substantial stuff of reality, the latter word is!

The old spoken English was a language of people who thoroughly enjoyed their lives, who worked and took a pleasure in their work, to whom the world about them was intensely living and interesting, and who found quaint images and similes everywhere. It was not so poetical a language, so it seems to us, as the popular French and Italian, but full as Sancho himself of a certain cynical good-humor and common-sense. This may be because one only knows the popular French and Italian from books, whereas one drew in the old popular English with one's mother's milk. The present writer was born in the 'sixties of the last century, and he remembers three people above all others as speakers of the old-fashioned tongue—his father, his mother, and his grandmother. A story heard in his earlier childhood from the last-named old lady is recalled by the very first simile quoted by Mrs. Wright in her chapter "On Popular Phrases." "Like a cat in pattens" was said of an awkward person. As a little girl, the old lady heard this saying so often that she came to regard a pair—or rather two pairs—of pattens as part of the proper equipment of a cat. Thinking that the household cat must experience a feeling of neglect and injury in not being provided with them, she resolved to supply the deficiency, and with this end in view proceeded to fix walnut-shells on the cat's four paws. She was not only severely clawed by the infuriated beast, but sternly reprimanded by the authorities as a very cruel little girl. Such are the dangers of metaphor! "As queer as Dick's hat-band" is another phrase the old lady continually used, but which we never remember to have heard from anybody since. The peculiarity of this article of wearing apparel was said to be that "it went round nine times, and would not tie at last." The learned say that this refers to the nine-days' Protectorate of Richard Cromwell, as does the inn-sign sometimes seen (as, for

instance, at Farnborough) of "The Tumble-down Dick."

Just as the history of England could no doubt be reconstructed from inn-signs, so we believe it could be from these popular phrases. How delightful, at least to the antiquarian sentiment, is the Suffolk term for a tyrannical person, quoted by Mrs. Wright, "a Norman"! This takes us back by an uninterrupted oral tradition to the days of those Barons who "built full many a bede-house, but never a Bastille," as Dr. Neale tells us, but who nevertheless erected a good many very substantial and disciplinary castles. Many popular phrases indeed are memorials of popular sufferings. The word "bastille" itself, commonly applied to the work-house, shows the impression made by that institution on the people's mind. But to go back to the days of those great Norman and Angevin kings, which, for our own part, we have always so loved, "worth a Jew's eye," again speaks eloquently of the methods of King John. The worth of a Jew's tooth would be considerable, but the ransom of a Jew's eye would be riches indeed. "An abbey-lubber" is a term we have never had the good fortune to hear, but we know the character very well, and we do not need the enlightenment of Dr. Johnson's definition, "a slothful loiterer in a religious house." The word "lubber" itself for an idle, useless fellow seems to us to have almost died out. "Methody cream," for rum in tea, illustrates the popular tradition from which Dickens took Stiggins. Personally, by the way, we consider the Stiggins portrait an example of the most unjust caricature. It was said of Cardinal Wiseman that he had a spiritual side, but he had also a lobster-salad side. The two things are not incompatible. Dickens, however, was popular English through and through, and did little justice to the spiritual side of Methodism. But talking of the oral tradition of English history, we remember being startled by a phrase which once fell from the lips of an old Westmoreland quarryman, an ardent Radical, by the way, in a remote Yorkshire village. We stood together looking at a fine display of the Northern Lights one winter evening. "They're the Derwentwater Lights," he said, and went on to tell the story of the escape of Lord Nithdale and the execution of Lord Derwentwater in 1716. "He died for Prince Charlie," he said fervently, but not quite accurately, adding reverently, "God rest his soul!" This last phrase, by the way, has never died out of the common speech of the Catholic North. The old man confused the '15 with the '45. Lord Derwentwater died for James Francis, as the rightful King of England. There is a touch of popular disenchantment, we think, in the expression, "dukin' time," which Mrs. Wright tells us is still used in the West of England in speaking of Monmouth's rebellion. "There came a Duke into the West"—"here comes a Duke a-riding"—it sounds like a May-day game. Dukes are pretty things no doubt, and so are kings; but it is hard for less exalted mortals to understand the egotism which could regard the stiff corpses on Sedgemoor and the rotting human fragments in the Somersetshire villages as so many due and proper tributes to their anointed and sacred legitimacy. Talking of these times, we heard the other day an expression we had never heard before, "What the Hanover!" evidently an equivalent of "What the deuce!" "What the Hanover did you lead that for?" asked an angry whist player of his partner.

We turn Mrs. Wright's pages, and come everywhere on precious fragments of our own mother and grandmother tongue. "To bring their pigs to a pretty market," said of people who had mismanaged their affairs, was a phrase used constantly. The old lady we spoke of above, if she had been living to-day, would, we think, have had little sympathy with the feminist agitation. She used often to quote the following rhyme with the greatest relish and approval:—

"A whistling maid and a crowing hen
Is neither good for God nor men."

Mrs. Wright gives the saying, "I wouldn't be seen in a ten-acre field with him." We do not reproduce the dialect spelling, which is of the West country, but in Sussex we remember the phrase as "I wouldn't be seen

in a forty-acre field with him." We cannot explain the origin of "to be all mops and brooms," but the meaning is to be dazed or bewildered. "To be all skin and grief" was another expression, the interpretation of which presents no difficulty. "Never speak ill of the bridge that carries you over" is a piece of proverbial wisdom very familiar to us. "Don't paws down t' brig that's carried you" they have it in the West Riding—that is, "don't kick down the bridge by which you have crossed." "Don't kick down the ladder by which you have mounted" is another variant. The Russian equivalent of this is, "Don't spit into the well." "Old ewe, dressed lamb-fashion" is a phrase which we were reminded of at a social function recently, when an elderly lady took us aside, and, pointing to another, exclaimed in a loud whisper, "You see that creature—sixty-five if she's a day, and pink satin!" "He'd talk a dog's hind leg off" would be said of a glib, fluent talker. "His tongue goes nineteen to the dozen" is one of the phrases, which, by the way, we do not find in Mrs. Wright. We will here set down a few of these as they occur to us. As a child the writer remembers "Their noble has come to a ninepence" as the commonest of sayings. It must be centuries old. Yet he has never come across it in any collection of English proverbs, even in one so exhaustive as the book before us. Again, we have failed to discover "morrising about," spending time in gaiety and amusement, evidently from the morris dance; or again, "blind man's holiday" for twilight. We make Mrs. Wright a present of the following proverb, which we frequently heard used of a grasping, avaricious woman, "She wants all the playthings and the big doll as well." On the other hand, this book contains some perfectly delightful phrases quite unknown to us; for instance, "haverdepoise" for undecided, irresolute. "I be quite haverdepoise about sending Jane to service" is a joy indeed. "It's like trying to get butter out of a dog's throat" has been familiar to us from our earliest years. We recently met with another phrase of the kind in a sermon preached in the fourteenth century by the Boy Bishop in Gloucester Cathedral on the favorite medieval theme of the chastisement of youth. "He looketh as though butter would not melt in his mouth, but they that are acquainted with him are not deceived by his looks." This reminds one of the old apple woman addressing the choir boys of St. Paul's, "You looks like Angels, but I knows ye." In the same sermon, by the way, occurred the medieval phrase, "To break Priscian's head," that is, to make false quantities and grammatical mistakes generally. If children are beaten, ran the argument, for breaking Priscian's head, much more should they be beaten for breaches of the moral law, lying, foul language, and the like.

A GARDEN PROVINCE.

WHAT boy does not love to play with water? Who does not like to interrupt its jolly trickle, to accumulate it behind a bank (like so much money in another kind of bank), and then let it rush forth from its check (or cheque) with the irresistibility of a good account? We know by instinct that water is the fluid of life, though in the country we now live in it is seldom made precious by intermittence. Often indeed it appears as a glut, rising from its rivers to flood the meadows, or drenching the soil from the clouds so that it cannot breathe the air that is also necessary to it. Still, we never see a valley with wide, dry slopes and a hasty river in the middle but we want to make a reservoir high up with gentle trenches commanding the slopes, so that they may grow by irrigation lush corn instead of mountain grass. There are millions of acres even in this country that could thus be doubled in fertility, and billions of gallons of winter water that could become liquid gold if it were stored for summer use. In so far as it is not so, we sometimes envy the dry countries their need thus to bank their water, and make almost a worship of it as a prop of their life.

There is, for example, a fascination about the system

of "dry farming," now being practised in some of the new white parts of the earth, such as Australia, and many districts of America. Where only enough rain falls in two years to grow one year's cereal crop, how clever it is to make the whole field a reservoir by keeping the surface broken, thus checking evaporation, so that when the crop is in, it shall draw upon the accumulation with its roots. Who but a white man could have thought of so cute a plan? Says Mr. E. H. Wilson in "A Naturalist in Western China" (Methuen), "Dry farming has been practised by the Chinese from time immemorial." It is because from time immemorial they have so thoroughly settled their country as to drive the margin of cultivation far beyond the Ultima Thule that Ricardo typified in Salisbury Plain. Only in the wildest mountains beyond the reach of agriculture did Mr. Wilson find the wild flowers of which he went in search, and travellers who went there before him declared that when the gardens of China had been ransacked, there was nothing more to be had. His journeys across the ranges into Thibet abundantly prove the contrary, and they are of very great interest to the botanist and the gardener. But there is even more interest to be drawn from the almost inscrutable life of the Chinese people, who have kept together the largest and longest-lived Empire that the world has probably seen, opening in our day its amœboid mass, and swallowing a revolution almost without a tremor, and flowing on as though there had been no change.

Western China, comprising the provinces of Yunnan, Hupeh, and Czechuan, begins a thousand miles from Peking, and runs back for nearly another thousand miles. Though it is nearly all mountainous, it is an extremely important part of China on account of its great agricultural wealth. The garden of this tract, more than three times the size of the United Kingdom, is the Chengtu Plain of about 3,000 square miles. It is watered from the mountains towards Thibet by the River Min. Rather, the Min River ran somewhere round its southern border. But two thousand years ago, Li-ping, the then Governor, cut a new channel for the Min through a hill, and into the plain. Then he began, and others finished a complete system of irrigation. The new Min at once divides into two streams, and those two into seven, which wander over the whole area, throwing off branches, and making a perfect net-work of water for the service of every field. The level and the slope of each field is ordained to the last inch, and the supply of water regulated so that everyone gets what is necessary and at the right time. In the winter one of the arteries is blocked, and the whole of that half of the system carefully cleaned out, trued, and repaired. In spring the water is re-admitted with a religious ceremony. The Chengtu Plain, which is about the size of Devonshire, thus sustains a population of six million people, all subsisting by agriculture, though many, of course, live in towns and cities. Its capital, Cheng-tu, the "rich and noble city" of Marco Polo, is, according to Mr. Wilson, "probably the finest city in the whole of China." The water-works instituted by Li-ping are the only works of China kept constantly in repair, and in perfect order are the groves and gardens of the temple erected to this official long since deified.

So large a scheme of Providence may well seem god-like. It could not have come to pass except through an official who was also the trustee-freeholder of all the land. For in China the land belongs to the people, the rent they pay being all their direct taxes, and never a rack rent. It is the magic of ownership, without that individual freehold, that certain amateur magicians in our country deem essential. It would be impossible for a Chinaman to see how a co-ordinated system of agriculture could be had over a large district if the owner of every field was concerned only with the fertility of his own property, and how to grab for himself the benefit set up by the rest of the community. He could not, it is true, imagine such a madness as one who keeps foxes to prey on his neighbors' poultry, or pheasants to "attend to" their crops, but he would be able to bring forward many objections to a scheme of private ownership that would shock and scandalize Sir Gilbert Parker. And

somehow, Chinese agriculture seems to flourish very well without the panacea that is misnamed "ownership." Certainly Li-ping would never have been deified if he had been merely a President of the Board of Agriculture, publishing pamphlets on Microsporidiosis and Improvement of Hill Pasture.

The Chinese are as grateful to their heroes as the old Greeks, and often make gods of them for fundamental rather than gaudy services. The Emperor Shennung, of about five thousand years ago, who is said to have taught them about soils, is a god under the title, "Prince of Cereals." At the vernal equinox, the reigning Emperor used personally to begin the ploughing of a portion of the park in which Shennung's temple stands at Peking. It were no bad thing if Yuan Shi Kai should hold the plough there next spring. The Chinese name for sugar is T'ang, the same as one of her most famous dynasties.

The example of Chengtu Plain is the more interesting to us, because its climate is not by any means remotely different from our own. The extremes of its temperature, rarely exceeded, are 100° Fahr. and 35° Fahr. (3° above freezing), and the country is given to mists and clouds, especially in the winter. There might be a good deal that this "garden" could give us in the way of culture, just as it has taken a good deal from the rest of the world. The maize, which grows on mountain plots so steep that it is a problem in climbing to sow and reap it, came long since from America, and the Irish potato, of later origin, is widely cultivated there. It seems time that we should take as payment for it that excellent root, the sweet potato. One of the most important vegetable oils of the world—apparently superior to linseed as a paint medium, and for waterproofing woodwork of all kinds, and canvases such as aeroplane wings—is the Chinese T'ung oil. It comes from the nut of *Aleurites fordii*, and one or two other species of the same genus. The United States Government has already introduced it for culture in America; it is certain that it would be suitable for many of our Colonies. It should appeal also to garden-lovers, being a tree of quick growth, and covering itself profusely with pink-and-white blossom. But there are hundreds of other things for the garden-lover to ask his seedsman about when he has read this charming book.

Among curious industries that would scarcely appeal to less patient peoples is that of insect white wax, which is, next to silk, the most important product of the prefecture of Kiating. The origin of this hard wax, in much demand for stiffening the melting-point of candles, was for five centuries almost as puzzling to us as that of the Mexican cochineal, which, after setting several scientists at one another's throats, was settled by a lawsuit in 1687. Curiously enough, the wax also comes from a species of scale insect or coccus. The eggs are raised at a distance of two hundred miles from the breeding ground, whither they have to be transported in haste as they are on the point of hatching. There they are hung on myriads of privet bushes, and in course of time the mature insects produce their wax on selected branches, and it is scraped off. One of the upside-down results of this industry is that the lady-bird, which here saves our hops from destruction and our roses from ruin, and in California and elsewhere is sedulously cultivated and imported, is in Kiating an enemy of society worse than phylloxera, locust, or caterpillar. No child in Kiating takes the lady-bird lovingly up, and bids her fly away home. It is the "wax-dog" that comes to devour almost the chief wealth of the Kiating farmer.

Short Studies.

THE TRIUMPH.

THEODORA. OSTYN.

A Forest of Great Trees. Tempest.

Enter THEODORA, followed by OSTYN waving a sword.

THEODORA. Triumph, my friend!

OSTYN.

So perish all oppressors!

THEODORA. So let them die!

So let them perish all!

THEODORA. So let God help us ever!

And for ever!

THEODORA. God has been with us.

OSTYN.

Let us, kneel, dear friend,

And thank Him. Aye, before this bleeding sword,
As at an altar, let us kneel to Him.

THEODORA. Whose justice, smiting in your hand, laid low
My children's murderer!

(They kneel before the sword, laid on the grass. The tempest pauses for a moment. The sun gleams on the sword.)

From this dungeon'd world,
Where death and madness fill the dark with shrieks,

We thank Thee, uttermost God, for that thy light
Hath smitten one moment for us. From Thy throne

The lightning came; the bright exceeding flash
Came down and smote him; the lightning of Thy wrath

Devour'd him.

OSTYN. Fearless he stood aloft, and strong;
Fearless of death and lord of many crimes.
Men crept beneath him. He was terrible
And took them by the scruff and flung them down
For pleasure.

THEODORA. For he was fill'd with hate and love;
And where his love fell fell his hate also,
Like thunder blasting that it kisses.

OSTYN. Mighty,
His people groan'd beneath him; for he slew
A pathway to his passions.

THEODORA. My lord he slew,
Beloved; my children for I scorn'd him.

OSTYN. Herself,
Like that dark angel leaping down from heaven,
He visited.

THEODORA. Like that dark angel came.

OSTYN. But she made ready the hidden sword. O God,
Hear! She made ready the sword. Hear, O God!
The sword she laid in secret. God of Wrath,
Be with us, for our cause was just!

THEODORA. He fell;
Not like a tyrant in the poison'd night;
Not like a victim of the shuddering dark;
But front to front with anger in his eyes,
And arm'd to smite again. Triumph!

(Tempest. They raise their arms.)

OSTYN. He died!

THEODORA. He perisht!

OSTYN. Let the world triumph!

THEODORA. Let it shout!

OSTYN. Hear us, O God of Wrath!

THEODORA. O God of Love!
Hear us, thy children, and forgive!

(They rise.)

OSTYN. My friend,
You weep—altho' we triumph. That must be,
Alas! But wipe this horror from you now,
Nor let it ache for ever, like some despair
Whose secret hamper to the soul we feel
But name not. Wipe it from you—like this blood,
Which thus I purge from off th' untarnisht steel
Once and for all. Come, we must take the time,
And move. The servants of that evil man
Will seek him. Yonder, too, another storm,
Ere yet the trees have shed their scope of tears,
Stands muttering in the zenith. Come then,
friend.

I have an aged cousin living in the city,
And she will shelter you. As for myself—
If't please you that I may remain with you,
Your servant, I'd be glad indeed. That once
I loved you ere you wedded (and do still),
If such a poor humpt creature as myself
Dare call his sighing love, will not disgust you

Who know it—for I never have conceal'd it.
You are the noblest woman in the world;
But my poor love is such a thing to laugh at,
You need not heed it. Now you are alone,
I may indeed give up my life to you
And be your servant.

(The tempest pauses. Silence.)

THEODORA. Your sword is clean, you say.
But look upon those startled flowers there,
Those innocent flowers—what smeared stains of
death
Would make them seeming-guilty. What have
they done?
Not they have pierced a man's heart, poor white
things,
That yet look unwasht murd'ers; while the sword
Gleams icy pure, like some fire-eyed angel
New-born in Heaven.

OSTYN. What of it?

THEODORA. I am the sword;
You are the flowers. The load of guilt I had
Is smear'd on you, who to your dying day
Shall wear such stains no rain of mercy ever
Can wash from off you.

OSTYN. What guilt?

THEODORA. The guilt I had,
But like the noblest woman of the world
Have smear'd upon another.

OSTYN. I do not take you.

THEODORA. My friend, I should have done the deed alone,
Or let him kill me!

OSTYN. That would have been clear murder.
Now he being slain in combat we are pure.

THEODORA. Reason acquits me, but my heart is sour.

OSTYN. Except one thing, I laugh at it.

THEODORA. What is that?

OSTYN. Oh! nothing—no matter.

THEODORA. Tell me, my friend.

OSTYN. O leave it!

The thing is done. What matter?

THEODORA. Except what thing?

OSTYN. This, that you toucht' his arm. That was not
wise,

And lends some color to peevish conscience.
Tho' huncht and small, believe it I am strong;
And sober-blooded; tuned with exercise
Which ever to ennoble this frail form
I have used. Single, I knew myself his match.
You needed not have toucht him.

THEODORA. He was a soldier.

OSTYN. Rather for that I scorn'd him.

THEODORA. I fear'd for you.

OSTYN. Did I not wound him ere you toucht his arm?

I saw it in his eye he dreaded me—
As venomous-narrow'd as a guilty moon
Shrinking against the sunrise.

THEODORA. Was that murder,
To touch his arm?

OSTYN. No, truly. I would have kill'd him
Anyway.

THEODORA. Oh, oh!

OSTYN. You noble woman, cease!
Let not your heart be weaker than your mind.
It is a curse to have a heart that boils
When reason bids be calm.

THEODORA. Is reason in it?

OSTYN. Yes, yes.

THEODORA. Where does the reason dwell then—here,
Or here?

OSTYN. Come, my dear mistress, this is vain.
You work yourself to it.

(She looks around.)

THEODORA. Where is the wind that blew?
What is this silence?—Ah! I dare not speak!
Each leaf here hangs its head at seeing me.

OSTYN. 'Tis but the hush before another storm.
Look there, how thund'rous black it comes upon
us!

THEODORA. Hush, hush, hush! O forever
Henceforth to hush, to whisper in secret, lest
All things may hear and hang their heads at me!

OSTYN. Now, now!

THEODORA. O God, my children, my children!
OSTYN. There.

God is their Father now.

THEODORA. Their father's dead.

OSTYN. Come, come; give me your hands. You are at
tremble.

Why do you stare about you so?—till now
As tall and tearless as some Roman dame
Who flinch not ever? He fell in fight I say—
Full fair (would I had run him thro' and thro',
A dozen times). Fear not. The town is close,
And that dead tiger's dogs will never dare
To hunt you in it. This little storm will pass.
Look how the dull face of the forest mere
Whitens beneath th' approaching rain. Come,
now;

Here is a hollow-hearted tree will hide you.
Best safety lies in hollow-heartedness—
The full heart bursts the sooner. Presently
There will be thunder, sure. You will not fear it?
Come, keep your spirit firmer. I believe
The thunder sets a sign twixt fools and wise,
Since only fools do fear it. Come, now, arise.
Seek shelter here. You have no cloak with you.

THEODORA. What feet are these I hear stealing around
me?

(Large raindrops fall.)

OSTYN. Feet!—raindrops sure; rain on the russet
bracken.

THEODORA. What spirits are those yonder that smite
their brows

With horror?

OSTYN. Spirits?

THEODORA. Where he lieth dead.

OSTYN. Ah, trees on th' other shore of this most wild
And desolate mere. Mark you, the coming storm
Has not yet reacht us quite; but there he rages.
The shrieking trees grow ashen in their fear,
Like spirits—yes. But now enough of this.
You must be still. (Great God! She's woman
again!)

Here is my cloak. Come, let us move. (Great
God!

What if it thunders?) There, I'll hold your
hands.

I think the thunder comes; but what of that?
Poor rumbling thunder, threats of empty clouds!
I love it, foolish thunder. (She is wild!)

(Thunder.)

THEODORA. Away! Help, help! Smite me not black,
O Heaven!

Hide in the wood—it is too open here!
Murder!

OSTYN. 'Tis only I who hold you, dear!

THEODORA. They murder me—Heaven murders me!
Away!

OSTYN. You'll fall!

THEODORA. God's thunder smites me black! Oh, oh!

OSTYN. The water draws her.

THEODORA. He walks upon the water.

There is a cavern in his breast—there, there!
A crimson cavern in his breast he points at.
It is my husband. Let me go. My husband.
No, no, no. It is he!

OSTYN. Alas!

THEODORA. My children, my children!

OSTYN. Heaven, she is dying!
The heart breaks. Look, how pale!

(She dies in his arms.)

(The storm ceases.)

Thou wert too noble for the world, sweet woman,
In thinking thyself too base. No more for me
My wakeful watches for her holy sake,

And vision'd vigils under sleepless stars
Against the world. I conquer'd—yet she died.
The goings of my life are barr'd by this,
And this pale body at my threshold lies
For ever; therefore I must close the door
And end. Would it be too much sacrilege,
Once ere I die, to open this white throat
And kiss it where the shapely column springs?
Or these dead hands? Or this death-smoothed
brow,

Where sat thy soul serene? O in that fashion
The boy dream'd to have held thee, the man holds
And dies. Enough to've held thee dead, and die.

(*He gathers the body in his arms.*)

Thou sawest thy lord walk on the waters there.
Come, I will take thee to him.

(*He wades into the mere.*)

Spirit, hear!

I bring thee to thy children and thy lord.

(*They sink under the water.*)

(*The rain falls.*)

RONALD ROSS.

Letters from Abroad.

THE GERMAN REICHSTAG AND MILITARISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Never before has the German Reichstag offered a spectacle such as it presented at its two sittings of December 3rd and 4th, 1913. The famous sittings of November 10th and 11th, 1908, at which the statements of the "Daily Telegraph" about the so-called interview with William II. were discussed, had something in common with it: they showed the Reichstag in a sort of revolt. But the revolt of those days was in no small degree connected with Jingo ebullitions, the loudest shouters in the fight being the Pan-Germanists and their retinue. It was not so much personal government itself they opposed as its professed Anglophile leanings. The remarkable and memorable feature of this year's protest is that it was unstained by anything in the nature of sham-patriotism. The Pan-Germanists stood sulkily aside or even made cynical demands for still more high-handed militarism than had been displayed in Zabern. But in the speeches of those members who expressed the feelings of the majority of the Reichstag there was expressed only that kind of patriotism to which nobody takes exception—the sentiment of dignity, and the desire to maintain civic government against military infringements.

This much can gladly be recognized, and it can also be admitted that it is a sign of some progress. To hear not only a member of the Centre Party like Herr Fehrenbach criticize military encroachments in passionate sentences which bore the accent of true feeling, and led four-fifths of the Reichstag—Socialists, Radicals, and Liberals—to repeated outbursts of cheering, but to hear also the speaker of the National Liberals, Professor von Calker, joining the protest and praising the strong utterances of the Catholic speaker, was a thing so unusual and therefore so impressive that even the powerful and incisive criticisms of the Socialist and Progressive speakers could not surpass it in efficacy.

All this can be admitted, and it was certainly a good thing that the Reichstag by the magnificent majority of 293 votes to 54 manifested its opposition to the attempt to palliate the excesses by which the military had exasperated the civic authorities of the small Alsatian town of Zabern, and its desire not to have Alsace-Lorraine treated as a conquered country to all eternity. But if we carry our investigation deeper and ask whether this manifestation of the Reichstag signifies a real and palpable turning away from militarism, the answer is less satisfactory.

The occurrences at Zabern were, as far as the action of the military authorities is concerned, partly tactless

provocations of an otherwise tractable population, and partly direct encroachments on the rights of the civic authorities of the place. It is doubtful whether the soldiers had a legal right to arrest those lads and workmen who laughed and jeered at Lieutenant von Forstner. Fancy a stripling of a lieutenant offering an extra ten marks out of his pocket to the recruit who would cut down any Alsatian native who assailed him, and afterwards walking through the small town protected by a patrol of three or four soldiers with loaded rifles, and getting these soldiers to stand with fixed bayonets before the shops where he bought chocolates and cigars! Imagine this youngster placing a loaded revolver beside his plate in a restaurant and piercing a bill of fare with his sword because of the French word *poularde* in it, and you will conceive it as almost unavoidable that he should be laughed at and hooted by the populace wherever he put in an appearance, and that a sensible superior should consequently have taken measures to remove him for some time at least. But instead of this, the responsible superior, Colonel von Reutter, made the garrison ready for a genuine state of siege and, without consulting the civic authorities, had the open spaces of the town cleared by force, had people indiscriminately arrested right and left, and, notwithstanding protests by men of the legal profession, kept them imprisoned in a dirty dungeon till the next day. This was indisputably a flagrant violation of the law, as even the Chancellor and the Minister of War had to admit. How could the representatives of the nation avoid condemning them?

Germany is to-day a highly industrialized country. The towns give their stamp to its social life; trade, commerce, and the professions occupy almost three-fourths of its active population. In such a country open military government is an impossibility. The mass of the nation would not stand it. In this respect it is a characteristic sign of the time that only the agrarian Conservatives ventured to vote against the resolution of censure. But in order to realize that opposition to military government does not mean opposition to militarism itself, one need only remember that the same Reichstag which passed the vote of censure voted, only five months ago, an increase of the army by 136,000 men and a contribution of some sixty millions of pounds sterling for their first equipment. You find this impressively confirmed in the speeches of Herr Fehrenbach and Professor von Calker referred to above.

But the declarations which Herren Fehrenbach and von Calker expected were not put forward by the Government speakers. Not that Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, the Chancellor, and Herr von Falkenhayn, the new Minister of War, did not intend to give the House satisfaction. They knew and undoubtedly regretted that the law had been violated. Incidentally they admitted this, and they hinted at some punishment of the offenders. But they did it in such a half-hearted and even ambiguous way, they labored so hard to put the case for the army, to extenuate the transgressions of the military authorities, and they neglected so completely to state the case for the civic authorities, that they exasperated even those members who longed for an opportunity to bury the ugly affair in a decent way. When, then, Herr von Falkenhayn, in his zeal for excusing the behavior of Lieutenant von Forstner, suggested that he might, as an alternative, *have run his sword through the body of the first offender*—when the Minister of War spoke of this alternative almost as of something natural—matters were brought to a climax. Against this sort of defence the Reichstag had to protest if it did not want to sanction military ruffianism.

And does the vote of the Reichstag signify much more? So far as the parties opposed to the Social Democratic Party are concerned, their vote was not directed against the present position of the army. Our middle-classes are much too militarized (if this expression be permitted) to aspire to a radical change in the constitution and the legal status of the army. This is seen most emphatically in the speeches of Herren Fehrenbach and von Calker. The one is a lawyer, the other a Professor of Law, but both mentioned with pride that they are soldiers themselves, both had pleasant words for the army and for the sanctity of the king's uniform. In

this they gave vent to the spirit of the average German middle-class intellectual, and it is the intellectuals who dictate public opinion.

It would consequently be a mistake to see in the vote of the Reichstag a distinct disavowal of militarism. It was no more than it was a distinct political censure of the Government. In a country where true Parliamentary Government existed, the Government would have had to go if 293 members against 54 declared its explanations of such an indictment to be unsatisfactory. It is equally true that, if we had Parliamentary Government in Germany, the whole procedure, and with it the vote itself, would have been different. The German middle-classes object to being ruled by the army. They want to have the army at their service, subjected to their law, permeated with their conceptions. And to some extent they see this ideal fulfilled. William II. has been quick to correct the mistakes of his Ministers. If at first it was doubtful whether the ordering away of the garrison and its obnoxious chief was meant as a satisfaction or a punishment for the Zabern citizens, many of whom draw their income from the garrison, it is now certain that the former was the intention. According to the latest news, all the proceedings begun against citizens of Zabern for offences against the army will be quashed. It appears that everything will be done to ensure militarism its popularity. It must not show its edges and stings in ordinary times. But it keeps them, nevertheless, and it will keep them as long as it is constituted in its present form. If the middle-classes do not feel it, the party of the working-classes does, and it continues to oppose the institution root and branch. Big protest meetings all over the country have confirmed it, and the debates on the new Budget, opened on Tuesday, will give further unmistakable proof.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Schöneberg, Berlin.
December, 1913.

Communications

THE BURDEN OF ARMAMENTS: A SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The time has come when Progressive opinion must pass from the denunciation of mounting naval estimates to concentration upon a plan for assisting the Government to effect a permanent retrenchment. The method of denunciation has failed, and each year has witnessed its abject uselessness. As you said in THE NATION (November 29th, 1913): "Mr. Asquith, at Leeds, comforted us with words, but what the starved spirit of Liberalism wants is deeds." We must now seek for a plan, and the nature of that plan has been clearly indicated by the Prime Minister himself.

We must abandon the notion that any serious curtailment of naval expenditure is possible by Great Britain acting alone. The present Government is clearly not prepared to act in opposition to the requirements of the Sea Lords, and our annual experience of this fact, since 1906, should extinguish any hope of that course being taken. The Sea Lords exercise their responsibilities within the ambit of the existing rules of warfare at sea. Until these rules are altered, expenditure on naval services will not be diminished. Our navy is primarily designed to secure the enforcement of these rules at sea, and no sailor worth his salt is going to be a party to retrenchment while these rules, under international agreement, are maintained. Let us face the facts of the situation before us. The general community is behind the sailors, and we shall continue to cry uselessly in the wilderness until we meet the urgent need of seeking for a plan by which the increase of international armaments can be checked.

Mr. Asquith, at Leeds, invited the peoples of Europe to undertake this task. He said: "I am afraid it is true that nothing can really effectually be done without the co-operation of the Great Powers of the world, brought about by the demands of their peoples." Again: "Speaking for my colleagues and myself, what I say to you is, you may rest

assured that we shall seize eagerly every opportunity that we can discover or create to promote a concerted alleviation of the burden and waste which press upon the hopes and the aspirations of mankind."

No invitation could be more forcefully presented: none has a greater claim upon our immediate attention. In this work of discovering or creating a concerted alleviation of naval burdens, these reflections are tendered. Without exception, the Great Powers of the world are becoming alarmed at the rise in naval expenditure. The burden imposes a general responsibility from which each in turn desires an escape. That way of escape can be opened up only by international agreement, as the Prime Minister warns us. The outstanding instrument of international agreement is The Hague Conference. Will the next Hague Conference, due to assemble in 1915, bring relief from this burden? If it does not, the race in armaments will be resumed with disastrous results over another seven years. If the Conference does bring relief, it will turn the resources of modern Europe from destruction to construction; each country will enter upon a new period of economic development, and the peace of the world may well be assured for years to come. Were but a chance of this great prospect to be presented to us as a people, we should sin against civilization if we allowed it to pass. Great Britain must leave nothing undone to insure the maximum of beneficence from the next Hague Conference.

When one looks at the recorded proceedings of the last Conference (Miscellaneous, No. 1, 1908), one is astounded to find that this opportunity was specifically contemplated by the representatives of the Great Powers. Those who are familiar with this portentous Blue Book will know that the record closes with a series of "opinions," presented in the form of resolutions. No. 4 of these "opinions" reads as follows, and so far-reaching is the importance of its terms that I cite them in italics: "*The Conference expresses the opinion that the preparation of regulations relative to the laws and customs of naval warfare should figure in the programme of the next Conference, and that, in any case, the Powers may apply, as far as possible, to war by sea the principles of the Convention relative to the laws and customs of war on land.*"

These remarkable terms justify the belief, I submit, that the last Hague Conference requested its successor to consider the problem of naval warfare. It is the present "regulations relative to the laws and customs of naval warfare" that determine the size of the British and German navies which set the standards of international naval construction. The German Naval Law of 1908 embodies a scheme of defence which, until recently, provided the measure of the requirements of the British Board of Admiralty. Germany and ourselves have been following each other round a vicious circle. Seemingly, according to "Excubitor," we are now to be permitted by the Sea Lords to escape into a larger circle round which we are to chase Germany, Austria, and Italy in concert! The acceptance of this pursuit would be the concluding item in the obituary of Liberalism.

But we need not look forward to our obsequies. On the contrary, the "opinion" of the last Hague Conference, which I have quoted, concludes with a clear indication of the remedy which must be obtained. We must secure by international agreement the application to war by sea of the principles of the Convention relative to the laws and customs of war on land. The right of capture of private property at sea places upon all Governments, including our own, the vital responsibility of protecting trade routes by naval services. The maintenance of this right means that relaxation in naval expenditure cannot be risked by the Great Powers. I read this resolution of their representatives at The Hague Conference as recording a concerted opinion that it should be restricted in accordance with the rules of warfare on land.

If, as it is suggested and I believe, the rules of capture are the chief cause of the competition in naval armaments, does not the effective treatment of this resolution of the last Hague Conference provide that opportunity which Mr. Asquith is anxious to find? Presently, we shall have to nominate representatives to the next Hague Conference. Will their instructions include a negotiation with the other Powers on the lines of the resolution cited? The opposition of the vested naval interests can be counted upon, and there are some single-minded public advisers who seriously dread

the disappearance of the right of private capture at sea. Nothing can placate the former, but the latter are open to receive the lessons of experience. In another connection, Liberalism braved similar fears and granted self-government to South Africa. The supreme act of courage of modern Liberalism will be to bow to the opinion of the civilized world and lead the way to a reform in naval warfare which will bring untold blessings to all peoples. Should we not concentrate on a demand that the Foreign Office shall at once take steps to formulate proposals pursuant to this resolution of the last Hague Conference?—Yours, &c.,

HOLFORD KNIGHT.

Letters to the Editor.

"THE LIBERAL PARTY AND ARMAMENTS."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have always regarded THE NATION as distinguished for honesty and fairness, but I think that in the discussion of "The Liberal Party and Armaments," in your issue of November 29th, in which you refer to an article I have contributed to the December number of the "Fortnightly Review," you have hardly done justice either to the statements made by me or to the record of the Liberal Party.

In the first place, may I remind you that the Government of this country has made repeated efforts, by acts and not merely by words, to stay the competition in naval armaments? The first German Navy Act, foreshadowing a great increase of naval power, was passed in the spring of 1898. The British Government refrained from taking any action, even when an amending Act, doubling the German naval establishment, was passed in 1900, and a further amending Act was adopted in 1906, and then came the fourth amendment in 1908, each measure being preceded by a violent outburst of Anglophobia.

During these ten years the British Admiralty obtained from Parliament authority to lay down twenty-eight battleships while Germany began twenty-four. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman offered, at the Peace Conference in 1907, further to reduce the small British programme if other Powers would co-operate. The offer was rejected, and thus, though the British programme was not reduced, it happened that in battleships authorized during the ten years the figures were twenty-eight British to twenty-four German, while Germany built more protected cruisers and destroyers than we did.

Nor is this all. Great Britain, between 1905 and 1908, reduced her naval expenditure by £7,500,000. The naval outlay of France remained practically stationary during this period; that of Russia and Austria declined; and the Italian Estimates showed only a comparatively small addition. These Continental Powers were not disinclined to call a halt, but Germany refused. While British naval expenditure fell by £7,500,000, the German Estimates rose by nearly £6,500,000, and then came a new German Navy Act, which frightened the world into renewed activity.

During these years, the British Government consistently laid down smaller and cheaper battleships than were being built by other Powers. At no time—not even when the original Dreadnought was laid down—did the British Admiralty build a ship which could be claimed to be as large as contemporary vessels building abroad, and to-day we are about to begin battleships with a displacement of about 3,000 or 4,000 tons less than vessels which are now in hand for foreign Powers.

Nor, again, is this all. During the earlier years of this century the number of officers and men in the British Navy was decreased by 2,500, whilst the *personnel* of the German Navy was almost doubled.

Surely these facts point to a very determined effort on the part of the British Government to stay the fierce rivalry in naval armaments. To-day our naval expenditure is only about £6,000,000 more than it was ten years ago; but, in the meantime, German expenditure has advanced from £10,000,000 to £23,000,000, though the German Navy Estimates make no provision for the enlargement of the Kiel Canal, intended to double the strategic strength of the fleet (on which £10,400,000 has already been spent), and do not contain any provision for the repayment of or interest upon

loans raised for naval construction. During the present century, Germany has raised by loan £44,000,000 for new ships, and, moreover, she has enjoyed the apparent, but delusive, advantage of cheap conscripts to man her fleet. Under the Estimates for the new financial year, the German naval authorities propose to increase the *personnel* by 6,000 officers and men, and, at the same time, an active ship-building policy is being pursued. In the present financial year, Germany is spending within £2,000,000 of the sum voted for the British Fleet for new construction.

May I suggest that these facts, which can be tested by reference to German, as well as British, sources of information, are relevant to any discussion on "The Liberal Party and Armaments." Ought we not also to remember that, owing to the fleet standard we maintain—a standard which I believe to be inadequate to our needs—we have been able to be satisfied with extremely modest forces during a period when the military fever has swept like a devastating fire over Europe, robbing its inhabitants, not only of immense sums of money, but to an increasing extent of their freedom?—Yours, &c.,

EXCUBITOR.

December 8th, 1913.

[We cannot deal in a footnote with all "Excubitor's" statements; but we may say it is easy to create an impression of German excess and British moderation by comparing periods in which we had come to the end of a great and sensational increase of naval expenditure, and Germany was entering on the task of building a new fleet. We have often criticized her policy, but it is really childish to suggest that at any period of this so-called rivalry anything like parity between the two forces existed, or could exist. The "smaller and cheaper" British battleships of which "Excubitor" speaks, included, even during the earlier period of our real rivalry, say 1908, such types as the "Lord Nelsons," the "King Edwards," the "Duncans," which exceeded anything which the Germans could set in opposition, to say nothing of our overwhelming superiority in cruisers. And, after all, did we not, in our folly, invite every possible rival in naval shipbuilding to follow our lead when we built the "Dreadnought," and proudly proclaimed that she had made every other great warship obsolete? However, it is the future, not the past, which we have in view, and as "Excubitor" proclaims that the Anglo-German naval competition is over, we do not see what troubles his mind. But he is still unsatisfied. For the purpose of getting a bigger fleet even than the tremendous armadas which we possess to-day, he adds together the Austrian and Italian "Dreadnoughts," though he knows that they cancel each other, adds them again to the German ships, and then produces a total which he invites us to equal or to exceed (in reality, on his theories, we ought to exceed it by as much as we exceed Germany's total). He then forgets to add to our total of ships a single French or Russian ship, though unless we are a pledged member of the Triple *Entente* we should never be called on to meet a German-Austrian-Italian combination. Was ever such lunacy?—ED., NATION.]

PRESIDENT WILSON AND THE FILIPINO PEOPLE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the American papers just to hand there is published a notable document, being a letter of "cordial felicitations" addressed by the Anti-Imperialist League of Boston to the Filipino people, on the announcement made by Governor-General Harrison, that the President of the United States proposes to grant them independence. The letter recalls how, at the close of the Spanish-American War, half a million citizens of the United States associated themselves to resist the purchase by America of the Philippine Islands, and how a member of the League offered to the American Government twenty million dollars as a ransom of Filipino liberties. In conclusion, the letter urges the Filipino people to show themselves worthy of their high calling.

The bold resolve of President Wilson must furnish food for reflection to the British people as regards their dealings with India. It is not the first time that the great Republic has shown us a lead in the morality of world-politics. When Mr. Gokhale's Bill to make elementary education free and

compulsory was rejected, owing to official opposition, in the Viceroy's Legislative Council, it was pointed out that in the Philippine Islands the American Government, working through the municipalities, had already introduced the element of compulsion, with the result that the school-attendance was ten times as great as that of British India. And now it will be well if the British Government will show trust in the Indian people, and give sympathetic hearing to the modest claims of the Indian and National Congress, which has no desire to lose the benefits of the British connection, but, in the interests both of India and this country, asks for a gradual and prudent advance towards self-government under the ægis of the British Empire.

On the other hand, "impatient idealists" in any part of the world may well take to heart the kindly admonition addressed to the Filipino people, over the honored names of Moorfield Storey (President) and Erving Winslow (Secretary) of the Anti-Imperialist League:—

"It is not mere obedience to the law which the League would advise. We urge you to remember that the future of your country is in your hands, that every evidence of wisdom, self-restraint, patriotism, and love of order in your public men and your people will hasten your independence, while every instance of lawlessness, unpatriotic self-seeking, corruption, or violence will delay it. You have done well in the past. Persevere until you have shown the people of the United States that the arguments of your enemies are unfounded, that education, public health, in a word all public interests, will not suffer at your hands, and so win nobly the freedom to which, like all other human beings, you are so clearly entitled."

—Yours, &c.,

W. WEDDERBURN.

Meredith, Gloucester.
December 10th, 1913.

INDIA AND THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your article on the difficulty which has arisen between India and South Africa, you concluded:

"It has been a conspicuous defect in the so-called Imperial Conferences of the past that her (India's) representatives have not been summoned, and that her interests have only indirectly been taken into consideration. A plain demand ought to be formulated that any enlargement of the factors of Imperial Government by representatives of the Dominions . . . should make provision for the direct and sufficient participation of the representatives of India, with a number and standing proportionate to the great place she occupies in our political system."

There should be no insuperable obstacle to carrying out your suggestion. India has hitherto had no separate standing in the Imperial Conference, because her Government is not autonomous. By Resolution 1 of 1907, the Conference, confirming the practice which had grown up, crystallized itself as a Congress of autonomous Governments. The obvious reason for excluding subordinate Governments, like that of India, was that the vote of any such Government would be at the disposal of the British Government, which would thus enjoy double representation, whereas the basis of the Conference is equality of status. This is signified by the rule, "One Government, one vote," which is irrespective of the number of representatives sent by each Government.

But since 1907, an important development has been set in motion. By the action of the British Government in 1911, which the Conference is not recorded to have disputed, the two subjects of Foreign Affairs and Defence were transferred, so far as circumstances then permitted, from the purview of the Conference to that of the Committee of Imperial Defence. Perhaps that Committee is destined to become a Standing Committee of the Imperial Conference, although such a position would be incompatible with the theory and practice by which the Defence Committee has hitherto been governed. Assuming, however, that Foreign Affairs and Defence are not in future to be discussed at the general meetings of the Conference, or that they are to be discussed only at special sittings, it would be possible for the Government of India to be made a member of the Conference just so soon as that Government becomes autonomous—i.e., free from Imperial dictation—in respect of those other matters, chiefly commercial and economic, with which the Conference is mainly occupied. Now that native opinion is well represented on

the Viceroy's Council, why should not the Government of India be allowed the same liberty as the Government of a Dominion to regulate, for example, the tariff in accordance with what it deems to be the best interest of the Indian people? Trusting that your influence may be exerted in this direction.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD JEBB.

17, The Manor House, Marylebone Road, N.W.

CONSCRIPTION IN NEW ZEALAND AND ELSEWHERE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read with great interest the valuable communication from your correspondent, Mr. Mackie, of Christchurch, New Zealand, on the working of the Defence Act now in force in the Dominion.

The subject is one that cannot be brought too prominently before your readers; for it is of vital importance that we at home should realize, as speedily as possible, the tyranny involved even in the mild form of conscription which has been introduced into Australasia, largely through the efforts of the National Service League.

We have been told that it is no business of ours to interfere with our self-governing colonies; but when those colonies adopt reactionary legislation, which is used to further an agitation for compulsory military training in the British Islands, we claim that it is very much our business to give it all the publicity we can.

The anti-militarists in New Zealand ask for our support in their struggle against the compulsory clauses of the Defence Act, and beg us to be warned by their experiences what to expect if Lord Roberts and his followers succeed in fastening upon the people of England juvenile or any other conscription.

Not only are defaulters constantly prosecuted, fined, and sent to detention barracks, but a member of the Society of Friends, Mr. Fletcher, has been imprisoned, ostensibly for causing obstruction in the streets of Christchurch, but really because he spoke against the Defence Acts. He refused to pay the fine imposed, and was sent to gaol for seven days. It should also be noted that, in many cases, the same boys are prosecuted again and again, while other defaulters go scot free. There is no doubt that the militarists expect that the colonial schemes, if successful, will make it easier to introduce conscription here.

Lord Roberts, in a letter to Colonel Allan Bell, wrote: "I hope your efforts to get universal training in New Zealand will be ultimately successful; for if you fail there, it will mean we shall not get it here in England. . . ."

Colonel E. S. Heard (Acting-Commandant of the New Zealand forces) said at Wellington, in September last: "We soldiers have come out from the Old Country for the reason which appeals to us very much. . . . We want the people at home to recognize that they ought to have some kind of a Citizen Army. Therefore, we have come out here to help you set up your Citizen Army, so that you can show an example to the Old Country!"

In order to defeat the machinations of the militarists, this country should be flooded with literature (in the form of leaflets and pamphlets on the Defence Acts in Australasia and on conscription in general), which can be obtained from the various peace organizations and elsewhere, while Liberal Associations should make sure that their present and future Parliamentary representatives are pledged to oppose compulsory military training in any form whatever.

I think our people will not fall into the trap that is being prepared for them if they can be made to understand the danger that threatens, and it is the duty of those who see it to enlighten the rest.

In his book, "Travels in the Pyrenees," Mr. Scott O'Connor relates that when visiting the small, independent State of Andorra, which lies between two conscript nations, France and Spain, he asked his muleteer if his people had to decide which of these countries they would join, what their choice would be. He answered: "Oh, well, then, I suppose it would be France. But why should we choose? There is no country like ours, and we manage our own affairs, and we have no conscription."

Mr. O'Connor remarks: "In the heart of every

Andorran that is the last, the most convincing, argument"; and he adds that Monsieur Brutalis, an authority on Andorra, "had the same testimony from a notable of the valleys," who said: "To some of us the independence of our country is nothing, because she is poor. . . . For me it is a priceless boon, if only for the exemption it gives us from the blood-tax. It is priceless, because if parents in Andorra have a son, they can say, 'He belongs to us,' and that is more than any of our neighbors can say."

Let English parents answer the Conscriptionists: "Our sons belong to us!"—Yours, &c.,

E. CAMERON MAWSON.

Ashfield, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

December 8th, 1913.

MEDICINE AND THE INSURANCE ACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I wish to protest against "Wayfarer's" attack upon the medical profession in a recent issue. All the practitioners I know are attending their Insurance patients carefully and conscientiously, doing everything for them which can be done by the ordinary general practitioner, including minor surgery and small operations.

As far as we country doctors are concerned, the remuneration is not adequate. The amount of work I and my partner shall have put in at the end of the year will not be covered by the payment we shall have received, calculated on the fees we should have charged the same people as private patients, after allowing for bad debts. Personally, I am willing to regard the discrepancy as my contribution to the social problem; but I object to the assumption that the doctors are adequately paid, and resent such remarks as "Wayfarer's."

I believe in the Insurance Act, and think it will prove a great benefit to the insured, and lead to great improvement in the general health of the community.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH M. EYRES, M.B.

Richmond, Yorks.

LIBERALISM AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I do not agree with your criticism of Mr. Lloyd George's reply to the deputation who waited on him in Oxford to discuss woman suffrage with him. Mr. Lloyd George said that "suffragists have alienated the sympathy of their friends by their own methods"; and you agree with him. Surely, this is a most unfounded statement! The suffrage movement has never had as much support as it has to-day. Every day we hear of new branches being formed amongst the woman suffrage societies; all the time we hear of the formation of fresh societies. Money is pouring into the suffrage exchequer. Does this look as if its supporters were alienated?

What do you mean when you say that the tragedy of Liberalism is that it cannot, in this case, offer its historic remedy for political violence? Does this mean that Liberals are not prepared to seek the cause of the political violence? Mr. Winston Churchill, speaking at Dundee about the Ulster trouble, said: "I do not agree with those who say that we should not parley with men who threaten violence and illegality. There is rarely violence without some cause. Liberalism is successful because it does not treat the symptoms, but always seeks the cause. When the cause is abated, the violence and other ugly symptoms will disappear. We do not like their methods, but we understand that in Ulster they are full of apprehension." Do these sentiments not apply equally to the suffrage movement? Mr. Lloyd George may not like or approve of our methods; instead of condemning them, he should "seek the cause of the trouble." If he wants to be the women's champion, he must stop talking idle words; he must come forward and perform deeds. If he believes in votes for women, it is his duty, if need be, to wreck the Liberal Government, as he was prepared to do over the Budget or the Land Campaign.—Yours, &c.,

EUNICE G. MURRAY.
(Women's Freedom League.)

1, Robert Street, W.C.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—"Wayfarer's" note in your "London Diary" last week is a reminder that the Liberal Party may very soon be involved in the difficult task of a reform of the House of Lords. As one of the rank and file, I would like to warn the Government that there is no enthusiasm in the country for such a scheme, and it seems to me that to tackle it in the fourth session of a Parliament under present conditions would be a mistake. There is one point, however, on which Liberals are inflexibly determined, and it is that the Parliament Act must still remain unimpaired, to enable the House of Commons to over-ride, if need be, any reformed Second Chamber. Any tampering with the provisions of the Parliament Act would be fatal to the Liberal Party. "With a great sum obtained we this freedom." We must see that the yoke is never again put on.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH A. LECKIE.

Kippen, Streetly, December 8th, 1913.

MR. LARKIN AND THE DUBLIN STRIKE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have just learned that I owe Mr. Russell an apology for my taunting hilarity at his appeal to his fellow-citizens in Dublin having appeared in the London "Times." I believe that he sent his appeal to every morning and to every evening paper in Dublin, but by all it was refused publication. He then sent it, together with a covering letter, to the London "Times." That astute organ, while acclaiming Mr. Russell's eloquence unquestioned when it flowed from an English platform, in this case thought it necessary to verify his veracity. It accordingly inquired of the "Irish Times" if it had indeed refused the "appeal," finally publishing said "appeal," but without Mr. Russell's explanatory letter!

As to Mr. Brenton and his list of questions. It never occurred to me that anyone could think that even a Larkin would attempt to call out the tramway men without some preparation of the ground. It is now clear to me that I should have said, "the origin of the trouble was Mr. Larkin's unfortunate arrival in Dublin some years ago, followed this year by his attack on the Tramway Company, and his attempt to call out their men," &c. To my certain knowledge, this attack was in an advanced state last May. The late spring and early summer had produced a frenzy of organization in Mr. Larkin, and while "working-up" the farm-laborers of North Dublin, he boasted that "not a train would run in Horse Show week."

The only point in Mr. Brenton's list of questions—all of which were exploited to their utmost at the Askwith Inquiry—seems to be that he is a disciple of that curious theory that while men may band and muster together for strength, may declare war and carry it on, apparently, almost how they like, masters must do absolutely nothing—certainly, not until the men are quite ready for the fray. Mr. Brenton's "questions" are merely a sketchy outline of some of Mr. Murphy's preparations for the contest that he saw approaching the Tramway Company. I said "sketchy" advisedly, for Mr. Brenton has forgotten to include in his interesting catalogue of tramway doings and dates that Mr. Murphy called a meeting of all tramway men, and definitely and clearly asked his employees whether they intended to obey him or Mr. Larkin. And it was subsequent to that straight question that the men who avowed themselves servants of Larkin rather than of Mr. Murphy were dismissed. Moreover, prior to their dismissal, some members of the parcels department had already refused to handle "tainted" goods consigned to the Tramway Parcels Express for delivery. This was clearly brought out at the Askwith Inquiry.

I do not know what is done in England, but in Ireland employers have sometimes to face the position that either they must require a man, or men, to take the pledge (i.e., become a total abstainer) or be dismissed. The Irish Transport Union has, from the employers' point of view, exactly the same effect upon its members as a too frequent recourse to the bottle would have upon an individual worker. Mr. Larkin and his lurid unrealities and "inaccuracies" are as inflaming, blurring, and unhinging as the most virulent

whiskey or copious beer, and alike render the consumer an unsatisfactory and unreliable workman.

As to the plea that the Transport Union asked for improved wages, hours, &c., the best answer is the fact that less than a fourth of the Tramway Company's men thought that demand sufficient reason for striking. Its inadequacy was further demonstrated by Mr. Larkin's subsequent admission that he did not know the good wages some of the men were receiving.

Although I admit that to require men either to forsake their union, or to give an undertaking not to join a certain union, is a seemingly unfair attitude for employers to take up, I think it must be conceded that circumstances do alter cases, and anyone who has taken the most casual note of either recent happenings in Dublin, or of Mr. Larkin's own orations, will agree that the Irish Transport Union has been conducted on the most arbitrary and outrageous lines. It is, in fact, no trade union, as that word is at present understood, but a large body of men under the absolute command and tyranny of one fanatical autocrat. Mr. Larkin is eminently more fitted to be the Czar of Russia than to conduct a Socialistic or a trade union organization.—Yours, &c.,

STANLEY BARR.

December 10th, 1913.

THE CONDUCT OF THE DUBLIN POLICE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In view of the Commission just appointed by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, "to inquire into the circumstances connected with the recent strike riots in Dublin," I feel sure your readers will be interested in the details of the report of Mr. Patrick Dillon, Inspector of the Dublin Corporation, to Mr. Edmund Eyre, the City Treasurer, on the "damage caused by the police on Sunday, August 31st, 1913, to the dwellings, &c., in Corporation Place." Mr. Dillon writes (after visiting the dwellings affected):—

"I have to report that on Sunday last the police made a baton charge on the Corporation dwellings in Corporation Place at about five o'clock in the evening. The place was—I am informed by Caretakers Thomas McDonnell and Stephen Hopper—very quiet at the time, and, so far as they could observe, the Corporation tenants were not indulging in any violence or misconduct. The police in their charge broke 120 panes of glass with their batons and fifty fanlights. They also broke in doors, and in doing so smashed thirty locks. In many cases when they entered the rooms, not only did they baton the occupants, consisting of men, women, and children, but also they broke furniture, delph, pictures, &c., and left the places in almost complete wreck."

He gives a long list of instances, from which I extract one:—

"Daniel Cummins, No. 3A.—In this case, Mrs. Cummins informed me that she was lying in her maternity bed with her baby, seven days old, in her arms. The police, after breaking several articles in the place, batoned her in the bed, and left marks of violence on her body. Her infant was also injured."

(I understand that the baby has since died.)

Five days later, on September 8th, Mr. Dillon writes again to the City Treasurer:—

"Dear Sir,—I beg to inform you that two Inspectors of the D.M.P. called at Corporation Place on Friday last to inspect the damage done by the police on the previous Sunday. After looking at one room (No. 2D), and taking a glance at the broken windows in the buildings, they said it was sufficient, and expressed the view that the police did not do the damage."

Let us hope that the inquiry of the Commissioners may be more searching.—Yours, &c.,

BARBARA TCHAYKOVSKY, M.D.

Harrow-on-the-Hill.

December 9th, 1913.

FREE THOUGHT IN SOUTH LANARKSHIRE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I read in the "Morning Post" that some of the Liberals of South Lanarkshire have been endeavoring to damage the Labor candidate's chances by representing him to be an Agnostic, and that Mr. Gibbs's supporters have indignantly repudiated the charge, and sought, by references to Mr. J. M. Robertson, to carry the war into the enemy's country. Are we to understand that it is part of the programmes of both sections of the Progressive Party to con-

sider the avowal of progressive religious opinions as in itself a moral disqualification for Parliament?—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST WALKER.

Balliol College, Oxford.

December 10th, 1913.

BLAKE AND BRITISH ART.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Perhaps it is usual with genius that the brighter it shines the more variously is it interpreted by those who appreciate it, and the more it is discounted by those who do not. Like all Gothic art, whether in sculpture or glass-staining, William Blake's is essentially symbolic; and so clearly did he perceive that technical precision—which the schools can teach to anybody—jeopardizes the ideas which symbolic utterance strives to express, that he utterly discounted the conventions in which alone small critics find merit. One would think the day was gone when—to amplify Blake's phrase—those able to see only with their eyes should stigmatize as madmen all who see through and beyond their eyes. Blake was constantly pointing out the dire danger of imitation; and to emphasize his lesson most outrageously—I use the word choicely—he took as his butt Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose exquisite technique and whose charm, almost touching the spiritual, seem to contradict the stupidity of his teaching that genius was only the faculty of memory made perfect—the faculty, that is, of consummate technique in imitation. The works of art by which Blake's pictures are surrounded in the Tate Gallery are, from the standpoint of his followers, failures, because they are unable to take us beyond themselves or out of our own selves. From the average painter's standpoint, Blake's pictures are failures just because they refuse the art of imitation, and have not even inaugurated a school. Nevertheless, those who know something of Blake know what a master of common technique he was when he needed to be; indeed, Hoppner, one year younger than Blake, hailed him as the greatest draughtsman since Michael Angelo. "The fool sees not the same tree as the wise man sees."

It is a pity that the compilers of the Exhibition's catalogue have done nothing to give the average visitor some clues to the meaning, as well as the wonder, of Blake's pictures. Nor should it be difficult; for everywhere we find a perfect consistency between his simplest Songs of Innocence, his grim prophetic utterances, and his pictures; one and all they are intoxicating in their beauty, inspiring to all who have sense to see through the symbolic forms and color into the inward grace. Indeed, the descriptions in the Catalogue are often quite stupid. Thus, for instance, No. 68 is labelled "Good and Evil Angel." It represents a blind and foot-chained being, who reaches after the child just wrenched from his arms, and now held by a second figure, who is speeding away over the vast ocean. The story of this blind tyrant is told in the book called "Tiriel"—a once powerful but now a desire-extinct Titan. The conventional title of the picture, even were it the painter's own, is misleading, just because it shuts the door on vision, on the mysteries of heaven and hell, of genius and convention, of spiritual enterprise, and the stones of law. Convention chained to the adamant law has grown old and blind, and therefore the more vehemently claims his rights in "beating with his staff the child that should have led him." The same idea is dominant throughout Blake's teaching. To him, Christ's message was this alone—the supremacy of the light that lighteth every man, all it stands for in creation and reformation, repentance, forgiveness, and resurrection. What most call heaven, with its rigid academies, meek submission to authority, emancipation from all incentive to sin—which Blake knew to be the very incentive to life itself—the angels believe is the bottomless pit. In this picture, No. 68, the child is red Orc—the creature of righteous rebellion, who, in spite of its horrors, was the instigator of the French Revolution, and who sped from the self-satisfied statecraft of Europe across the stormy ocean to inspire the New World. Those who understand Blake will place this picture alongside of No. 39, where Christ is pleading before the Father for the Magdalene. The exquisite child-angels—perhaps the massacred innocents—that hover around and support the anguished woman, share the same symbolism with No. 68 and with the prophetic book, "The Vision of the Daughters of Albion." Although Swinburne, short-sightedly, hailed the

latter as a plea for free love, it tells how, despite the awful truth that evil beings may put to vile uses the elemental desires, these remain somewhere within—notwithstanding brothels and massacres—still creative, spiritual, wholly undefiled. Such adorable belief is much harder for most men to put into words than it was for Blake to give it symbolic form and color; and for this reason, that, while we perhaps seek to make it manifest intellectually, to define and dogmatize, he knew that to do so was not worth much, even if it could be done.—Yours, &c.,

GREVILLE MACDONALD.

85, Harley Street, W.

LAND POLICY AND LAND TAXATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In his letters, Mr. Acland makes a well-justified appeal on behalf of the public spirit of many landlords, yet he would set up commissioners and courts and the rest to protect the under-dog from—what? If it is not from the greed of landlords, then it must be from the working of economic laws. In this he differs from Mr. Lloyd George, who tells us straight that his Courts and Minimum Wage Acts are to protect the oppressed laborer and farmer from the rapacity of bad landlords or heartless masters.

But neither the greed of landlords nor the working of economic laws is ultimately responsible for poverty. It is ignorance of economic laws and the enforcing of State laws in face of human nature and of economic forces that produce poverty and oppression. It is reported of Copernicus that, when the Church Courts forced him to confess that he was wrong in his theories, he could not help murmuring to a friend: "But all the Ecclesiastical Courts in the world won't stop the earth rotating on its axis." That is just how we "land-taxers" feel towards those land courts—all the commissioners in the world won't alter economic laws.

Now, the economic principle for which we demand recognition is that every article of wealth derives value from two sources—one source of value is that quality which cannot be produced by man; the other source of value is that quality which has been produced by man. These cannot be exchanged as equivalents. Coal, for example, has an inherent heat-producing quality which cannot be manufactured; it owes a second value to the fact that it has been brought from the earth to the user's cellar. Any system of rewarding labor which does not recognize the distinction between these two values is arbitrary. You cannot estimate the value of labor so long as you confuse these two values.

A land court that secures a living wage to the laborer from humanitarian reasons is good enough in its way; but a land court which secured that laborer an equivalent to the value of his labor would be much better. That would be both scientific and just. That is both possible and natural when you separate the inherent or "unproduced" value of the article from its value due to labor. The separation must be made from the moment you take the article from Mother Earth, or apply your labor on the soil. If this unproducible value is eliminated at the first operation, every subsequent value given the article at each stage of manufacture is the product of labor, and can be apportioned among the producers of it.

Common justice demands that a man receive the equivalent of what his labor produces; but, up till now, it has not been possible to determine the equivalent owing to this confusion of values. So we pay the unskilled worker a subsistence wage, and the skilled man a little more. If they produce more than the equivalents of those wages, the "masters" pocket the difference. Without understanding the economic laws, the workers are awakening to the latter fact, and unless the "masters" are prepared to act according to scientific economics and justice, there is going to be a bad time for the country.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN L. KINLOCH.

Wolstanton, Staffs.

SEÑOR MAURA AND SPANISH POLITICS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I know well that the columns of THE NATION are not opened merely for the discussion of Spanish politics. But I venture to protest against your partiality relating to

the Ferrer affair during the last few weeks, and to request your hospitality for a very necessary further defence of the Spanish statesman.

The question raised is one of Señor Maura's absolutism, of his anti-democratic personality. Here are several vital facts:—

We have in Spain universal suffrage. Every man above twenty-five years of age has one vote, and one vote only, whatsoever his economic position or his education. Thus we are electorally ahead of the administrative systems of England, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Russia, and Italy, not to speak of Republican Portugal. You know, I take it, that Señor Maura was not content with this; he brought in the law which has enhanced the value of this very democratic voluntary suffrage. He made it compulsory! Is this the conduct of a reactionary statesman?

And Señor Maura, far from seeking to restrict freedom of thought in Spain, has on countless occasions, as I can show by paragraphs taken from his numerous speeches, sought decisively to maintain this freedom.

I invite your practically anonymous Spanish correspondent of last week to bring forward one item of evidence, either in THE NATION or elsewhere, to prove this untrue.

Ferrer was executed, not for his ideas—he hadn't many, and those are shared by many Spaniards still alive to-day—but for his acts. I am not here concerned with the possibility of erroneous evidence in the court, and of that court's judicial finding.

Several members of the Conservative Cabinet at Madrid to-day were not only Cabinet colleagues of Señor Maura, but supported him definitely in his treatment of the Ferrer difficulties. Yet we now find the Spanish Press and the political "machine" quite pleased with these Ministers. You will infer, and quite truly, that our difficulties in Spain are not of principles, but of human fickleness.—Yours, &c.,

JUAN PUJOL.

53, Castletown Road, West Kensington, W.

December 8th, 1913.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED., NATION.]

Poetry.

AT A SHRINE.

PRESS open the closed door;

Enter; the sun and wind likewise

Shall enter; the wind's beat,

So like great wings, shall sweep across the floor,

That thou shalt think a wounded eagle lies

In death-throes at thy feet.

This forlorn shrine

Is marked by prayer; its altar set

Where the last, lingering

Rays of the sun fall on it, red, like wine,

The winds up-trailing from the sea leave wet

With the salt gifts they bring.

Some god unknown

Wakes in the silence, wakes and hears

Monotonously

Dripping on the white stone,

Like water falling, the slow years

And the long crying of the sea.

Ah! rest thy head,

Upon the lowest altar step, and there

Forget the goal is far and still to seek.

To thee on thy hard bed

Shall come an answer to that secret prayer

Thy lips might never speak.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Coleridge and Wordsworth in the West Country." By Professor Knight. (Elkin, Mathews. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "The Friendly Road: New Adventures in Contentment." By David Grayson. (Melrose. 5s. net.)
 "The Poems of François Villon." Translated by H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Pulpit, Platform, and Parliament." By the Rev. C. Silvester Horne. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)
 "Early Zoroastrianism." By James Hope Moulton. (Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Knowledge and Life." By Rudolf Eucken. Translated by W. Tudor Jones. (Williams & Norgate. 5s. net.)
 "War and the Workers." By Norman Angell. (National Labor Press. 1s. net.)
 "The Splendid Wayfaring." By Haldane Macfall. (Simpkin, Marshall. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Road to the Open." By Arthur Schnitzler. (Howard Latimer. 6s.)
 "Portraits de Sentiment." Par Edmond Pilon. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3fr. 50.)
 "Du Côté de chez Swann." Roman. Par Marcel Proust. (Paris: Grasset. 3fr. 50.)

In the appendix to his excellent book on "Shelley, Godwin, and Their Circle," Mr. Brailsford draws attention to the fact that William Godwin's works, with the exception of "Caleb Williams," are now procurable only in old libraries. A recent visit to Charing Cross Road has placed the present writer in possession of Godwin's collection of essays, "The Enquirer: Reflections on Education, Manners, and Literature," a volume which well deserves to be included among the cheap reprints that are now so welcome a feature in the world of books. It was published in 1797, and Mr. Brailsford says that the best things in it "belong to that social psychology, the observation of men in classes and professions, in which this age excelled."

BUT "The Enquirer" contains suggestive reflections on books as well as on men. Hazlitt said of Godwin that "his best moments are with an intimate acquaintance or two, when he gossips in a fine vein about old authors, Clarendon's 'History of the Rebellion' or Burnet's 'History of his own Time'; and you perceive by your host's talk, as by the taste of seasoned wine, that he has a cellarage in his understanding!" Godwin's praise of books and reading has, indeed, all the gusto of the true book-lover.

"Books," he wrote, "are the depository of everything that is most honorable to man. . . . He that loves reading has everything within his reach. He has but to desire; and he may possess himself of every species of wisdom to judge, and power to perform. . . . He that revels in a well chosen library has innumerable dishes, and all of admirable flavor. His taste is rendered so acute as easily to distinguish the nicest shades of difference. His mind becomes ductile, susceptible to every impression, and gaining new refinement from them all. His varieties of thinking baffle calculation, and his powers, whether of reason or fancy, become eminently vigorous."

ON the question of choice in reading, although Godwin writes with special reference to the reading of the young, his words have a wider application in these days when there is so much talk about the immoral tendency of certain books and the need for a literary censorship. To ascertain the moral of a story, he says, or the genuine tendency of a book, is a science peculiarly abstruse, and he gives instances of the difficulties which it involves. Thus "Homer's 'Iliad' seems to have been designed as an example of the fatal consequences of discord among political allies." But so far from this being the lesson which it leaves upon most minds, "one of the effects it appears most conspicuously to have produced is that of enhancing the lustre of military achievements and perpetuating the noxious race of heroes in the world."

ANOTHER argument against restricting the choice of books is that the true moral and fair inference from a composition has often lain concealed for ages from its most diligent readers. "It is by no means impossible that the books most

pernicious in their effects that ever were produced, were written with intentions uncommonly elevated and pure."

"It seems that the impression we derive from a book depends much less upon its real contents than upon the temper of mind and preparation with which we read it. . . . Books will perhaps be found, in a less degree than is commonly imagined, the corruptors of the morals of mankind. They form an effective subsidiary to events and the contagion of vicious society; but, taken by themselves, they rarely produce vice and profligacy where virtue existed before. Everything depends upon the spirit in which they are read. He that would extract poison from them, must for the most part come to them with a mind already debauched."

THE concluding section of "The Enquirer" deals with the progress of English prose style. Godwin's view is "that the English language was never in so high a state of purity and perfection as in the present reign of King George the Third," and that "the ordinary standard of elegant composition at the present day is superior to the standard of English composition at any preceding period." In order to establish this thesis, he takes a number of extracts illustrating the defects in style of the greatest English writers from the days of Elizabeth to those of George II. His general criticism is that our early authors were indirect, diffuse, and redundant. "They were prone to tell their story or unfold their argument in a relaxed and disjointed style, more resembling the illiterate effusions of the nurse or the rustic than those of a man of delicate perceptions and classical cultivation, who watched with nice attention the choice of his words and the arrangement of his phrases."

GODWIN's criticisms on particular writers are characteristically courageous. Even Shakspeare comes in for severe strictures. According to Godwin, he is great only when great strictures are to be expressed. "His tranquil style is perplexed, pedantical, and greatly disfigured with conceits; . . . and nothing can be of a style more quaint and unthought than the letters (such as that from Posthumus to Imogen) that are from time to time introduced in different plays." As for the speech of Brutus vindicating the assassination of Cæsar, it is full of phrases that "nothing but the contagion of the vilest taste in literature" could have led Shakspeare to put into his mouth. So far from it being likely to achieve its end, Godwin is of opinion that "the genuine tendency of many of its expressions was to procure Brutus to be driven out by the Roman people with hootings, execration, and scorn."

JOHNSON's censure of Milton's style appears to Godwin to be too strong and disproportionate. "Milton was dissatisfied," he observes, "with the shapeless chaos in which our language appeared in former writers, and set himself, with that ardor which always distinguished him, to reform it." He wrote accordingly in a style superior to that of the most celebrated authors that went before him, but "with all his profound and indefatigable scholarship, and his evident solicitude upon the question of style, Milton is often glaringly ungrammatical, and his periods broken off abrupt and unfinished." If Milton's style be compared with the style of later writers, and particularly with that of Godwin's contemporaries, "undoubtedly nothing but a very corrupt taste can commend it."

THE writers of the time of Charles I. show a clear and rapid improvement on their predecessors. They are the first, according to Godwin, who present us with "the facility and graces of composition." Temple "is undoubtedly an agreeable writer," though the impression he produces is marred "by the alloy of a perplexed or unnatural phraseology." While "the prolixity and perplexity of Clarendon's composition" are obvious, "he will probably be found to have written well for his time, and the English language, as well as the English annals, is indebted to his labors." Tillotson "is certainly a writer of some merit. There are few authors who convey more sound sense in more perspicuous expression." His mistake is that, in imitation of his predecessors, he is sometimes led into tediousness and circumlocution. Sprat "is perhaps the first author who wrote English prose with a style of neatness," but he often reminds the reader "of the appearance of an old man he may have seen, who, though dressed with care and spruceness, yet has something strangely old-fashioned in his air, and imbecile in his motions."

Reviews.

THE CIRCLE AND THE CENTRE.

"Sadhana: The Realization of Life." By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

"The Crescent Moon." Child Poems. By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. Translated from the original Bengali by the Author. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

THE common way of misunderstanding the mystic—and the so-called "revival" of mysticism which we are now witnessing has not seriously affected it—is to regard him as a being set apart from the common life: living in contact with the eternal only because he has managed to escape from, or ignore, the flux. Those who admire him speak of his detachment from the world, the solitary character of his communion with reality. Often they insist, with a special delight and a complete wrong-headedness, on the individual nature of his experience, its total independence of tradition; as if the real merit of the tree consisted in having no roots. Those who dislike him make accusations of "other worldliness" and spiritual egoism; denying that experience so subjective can possess any value for the race.

But when we approach these specially gifted spirits, and accept with sympathy and humility that which they say, we find the truth, as they see it, to be just the opposite to this. They are not more withdrawn from life than other men, but more deeply immersed in it. The reality of which they tell us is not remote: it is our own reality, the uninterrupted music of our own soul's life, which they are trying to interpret to us as well as they can. They have plunged down to the centre about which our daily life, in all its manifestations, revolves; and this adventure of theirs is ours also; they make the pilgrimage to the Holy City in our name, all that they do has a corporate significance. So, too, they have as a rule that sense of nationality and tradition which is seldom absent from true human greatness. They are rooted in history, in the stream of becoming: it is from the midst of the temporal order, and making glad use of the traditions it has developed, that they undertake their ascents to the higher levels of consciousness. Their mission is not to destroy, but to fulfil with ever deeper meanings the universe of normal men.

We may see all this in the past history of mysticism, if we look at it with "innocence of eye": in such diverse types of spiritual genius as St. Paul, Ruysbroeck, William Blake amongst Christians, Jalalu 'ddin and Kabir in the East. But since the present is always more actual to us than that which we call "past," perhaps we may see it more easily in the rich and various artistic achievements of the one great mystical poet of our own day. The two books by Rabindranath Tagore which are here under consideration—the prose essays on the realization of life, the poems in which that realization, as found in the crescent life of little children, is given delicate and beautiful form—show that outward sweep from centre to periphery in which the mystic colors with his central vision and certitude, his outflowing love, all those aspects of life in and through which reality is mediated to the majority of men. That intensely sacramental handling of the stuff of existence, finding and feeling the infinite under all the accidents of sense, which is taught us as out of the heart of experience, the gathering-point of understanding and love, in the essays, is quietly exhibited, with the light touch of the great artist, in the poems.

"Sadhana" is no philosophic treatise; it is a personal statement, which makes free, but not exclusive use of the philosophic formulæ of Indian religion, in the course of expounding its author's vision of life. Its temper is at once individual, national, yet also universal; accepting all the natural links of our closely-woven humanity, not as fetters, but as supports to the soul.

"The writer," says Mr. Tagore, "has been brought up in a family where texts of the Upanishads are used in daily worship; and he has had before him the example of his father, who lived his long life in the closest communion with God, while not neglecting his duty to the world, or allowing his keen interest in all human affairs to suffer any abatement. . . . To me the verses of the Upanishads and the teachings of Buddha have ever been things of the spirit, and therefore endowed with boundless vital growth; and I have used them, both in my own life and in my preaching, as being instinct

with individual meaning for me, as for others, and awaiting for their confirmation my own special testimony which must have its value because of its individuality."

Observe here the instinctive mystic appeal to experience as verifying formulæ, as against the dogmatic appeal to formulæ as verifying experience. Realization, actualization, is the inspiring principle from first to last; and this realization, this complete consciousness, is claimed, not only as an individual but as a national aim; not only as the prize of meditation, but as the inspiring soul of all fruitful action too:—

"The fundamental unity of creation was not simply a philosophic speculation for India; it was her life-object to realize this great harmony in feeling and in action. . . . India intuitively felt that the essential fact of this world has a vital meaning for us."

"In feeling and in action." It is the crown of mystic endeavor when this synthesis is achieved; when a man's love, faith, and work are as closely united as his body, soul, and spirit; when, as St. Augustine has it, "My life shall be a real life, being wholly full of Thee." The most beautiful and most significant of all the chapters in "Sadhana" is that which describes this "Realization in Action"; this unification of the inner and the outer life, of effort and of fruition, in one whole, of which the dominant expression shall be, not "secluded communion," but joyous, eager work, a glad self-dedicated striving, a partnership with God:—

"Those who have fully realized the soul, have never talked in mournful accents of the sorrowfulness of life, or of the bondage of action. . . . they desire in their joy to express themselves strenuously in their life and in their work."

These know that man's soul is a dynamic thing; that motion, rhythm, is the very essence of the beauty of that world-poem in which they are placed, and that it expresses the joy and thought of God. Hence they desire, not to contemplate, but to march with that music, and contribute as well as they can to the self-realization of the Whole; for "the universal is ever seeking its consummation in the unique." The essence of the problem of Self is the problem of the relation of the word and the poem, the note and the melody; the paradox of the individual achieving true personality only by giving itself to the universal, of Paul's "dying to live," self-loss as the only self-finding, that union in separateness which is the deepest mystery of love:—

"A lover must have two wills for the realization of his love, because the consummation of love is in harmony, the harmony between freedom and freedom. So God's love from which our self has taken form, has made it separate from God; and it is God's love which again establishes a reconciliation and unites God with our self through the separation."

The double rhythm of love and renunciation, in fact, is the fundamental form taken by the Creative Energy, in that "joyous play" of which the outward expression is our universe; and man, if he find his place, must conform to its laws. He must learn to distinguish between realization and possession—the secret of Franciscan poverty. Infinitizing his life, set upon the only path that is truly satisfying because truly endless, the problem of pain and evil will be transfigured for him. Love and beauty will acquire totally new meanings, as he grows into awareness of his true nature and becomes fully conscious under the dual modes of activity and rest, self-fulfilment and self-surrender, of that union with Supreme Reality which "has been accomplished in timeless time." The human soul, ever moving like a river, at one end has already attained that Ocean which is her fulfilment, at the other is ever attaining it. It is her peculiar character that she participates at once in the worlds of Being and of Becoming; lives, to adopt the phrase of Harnack, "Eternal Life in the midst of Time."

Thus her life at one end "is eternal rest and completion, at the other it is incessant movement and change. When she knows both ends as inseparably connected, then she knows the world as her own household, by the right of knowing the master of the world as her own lord."

What, then, is the poet's vision of life, as he looks out from this still yet active centre of his being? "The Gardener" and "The Crescent Moon" can tell us something of that, in their direct and simple beauty, their hold upon real things, the pure quality of their joy, their clear avoidance of the vice of mysticism.

In "The Gardener" English readers have already had an opportunity of learning to see love and death through the

mystic's eyes; in the handful of poems which make up "The Crescent Moon" they can share a vision of childhood which is only paralleled in our literature by the work of William Blake. Here is that same simplicity and profundity, that same sense of the child's boundless importance, the reality of the universe in which it lives. None who come in solemn search of "spiritual meanings" will discover the secret of these poems; for here, the thing is the meaning, the illuminated texture of existence reveals, does not veil, reality.

"Where have I come from, where did you pick me up? the baby asked its mother.

"She answered, half-crying, half-laughing, and clasping the baby to her breast:

"You were hidden in my heart as its desire, my darling.

"You were in the dolls of my childhood's games; and when with clay I made the image of my God every morning, I made and unmade you then. . . .

"As I gaze on your face, mystery overwhelms me; you, who belong to all, have become mine!"

"As I gaze on your face mystery overwhelms me."

The child is so close to the Infinite that the joyous play of the Universe, the impact of beauty, novelty, and wonder, is more clearly felt in his little life than in the tangled lives of men; who have put on the fetters and blinkers of ignorance and desire. The baby, like the poet, sees things in their native purity; he knows that the bit of broken twig which he plays with is as radiant and precious as our silver and gold. He lives in a poet's world; where the stars talk and the sky stoops down to amuse him, and all nature comes to his window with trays of bright toys—a fairy universe of limitless possibilities. His relation with that world is, in little, the untarnished human relation, and can interpret to us something of the meaning of our own mysterious contacts with things: for the flame of separation has not yet fenced him off from communing with the wind and the flowers, the unbroken continuity which we must strive to realize through long efforts and purifications exists in its perfection in him. This is the general attitude illustrated from many angles in "The Crescent Moon," with the imaginative resource, the delicate playfulness, the profound sense of wonder and mystery, proper to the great poets. From the airy phantasy of "Fairyland" and "The Champa Flower" to the almost unbearable beauty and sorrow of "The End," the whole span of human emotion is brought into play; and made to centre about that august figure of childhood, in which another Teacher found our surest contact with Reality.

"They clamour and fight, they doubt and despair, they know no end to their wranglings.

Let your life come amongst them like a flame of light, my child, unflickering and pure, and delight them into silence. . . .

Let them see your face, my child, and thus know the meaning of all things: let them love you, and thus love each other.

Come and take your seat in the bosom of the limitless, my child. At sunrise open and raise your heart like a blossoming flower, and at sunset bend your head, and in silence complete the worship of the day."

ROYALTY AND CHARACTER.

"The Empress Frederick: A Memoir." (Nisbet. 15s. net.)

WHEN the full "Life and Letters of the Empress Frederick" are published, it will certainly be a book of absorbing, if not startling, interest. This short Memoir, which is very discreetly put together, suggests the existence of a great wealth of material stowed away, no doubt, in the archives of some royal castle. But those papers are likely to remain under lock and key for many years to come. Royal biography is not a very engrossing form of literature as a rule. Royal personages are heavily handicapped. They lead, more often than not, artificial and uninteresting lives, even though they may come into contact with people of eminence and interest. They are cut off from intimate intercourse with ordinary mortals, surrounded by adulation and flattery, immersed in empty functions and pompous display, attaching undue importance to the spectacular side of life, associating with a very limited number of their equals in rank, and stifled by the stuffy atmosphere of ceremonial Court-life. But the Empress Frederick was something more than a royal personage. Had she been the wife of a politician, a scientist,

or an artist, she would probably have been more remarkable than she was, for she would have had freer scope for her powers. Hardly any position could have been less suited to her than the one she was destined to fill. By her early training she assumed the habit and manner of the early Victorian Court, which, as Courts go, certainly had its good points. But the enforced aloofness of royalty somehow produces a curious attitude of mind: it resembles that of a domestic servant more than that of any other class. For instance, the astonishing interest, amounting sometimes to ecstasy, taken in births, deaths, and marriages. No one—not even a domestic servant—could revel to the same extent in the details of childbirth and death-beds as the members of royal families in all countries. And a funeral is just an opportunity of unrestrained self-indulgence—a perfect orgy of woe. It is almost as if they thought it necessary to display their grief with the crudest exhibition of excessive mourning as the only means of convincing the outside public that they, too, have to suffer sorrow like the mass of ordinary mortals. Whatever may have been the faults of the Court in which the Princess Royal was brought up, it was the purest freedom and the highest enlightenment compared with the Court-life in the country of her adoption. Moreover, she was as a child surrounded by the love and affection of an adoring family.

Her father, the Prince Consort, was something of a pedant, a professor in a small way of theoretical politics and metaphysics, but intensely conscientious, and a first-rate tutor. He over-educated his two eldest children. With the boy, who was unable to assimilate the heavy meal forced upon him, the experiment failed, and reaction set in. The girl was a far more promising pupil, and reached an unusual intellectual proficiency, which unfortunately was not supported by judgment and discrimination, qualities in which her tutor himself was lacking. There she was at sixteen, at the time of her marriage, a carefully educated, shrewd, and exceptionally talented creature, sent over to a country where a highly-educated woman was unknown and a decently-educated Princess had never been heard of. What the Prussian Court wanted was an amiable, pliant, thoroughly domesticated *Hausfrau*, who would immediately adapt herself to her new surroundings, subordinate herself to all influence brought to bear on her, and act as a useful attendant on her husband. What did they get? An impulsive woman, filled with strong and undying prejudices in favor of the national characteristics and institutions of her native land, with keen political insight and precocious knowledge, ready to play the part of a companion, and even guide, to her husband, and prepared to combat with all the courage of her convictions the opinions and the policy of their leading statesmen. No wonder till her dying days they misunderstood her, they mistrusted her, they feared her, and they persecuted her. And it was unfortunate that her lack of tact and disregard of simple methods of diplomatic conciliation aggravated unnecessarily the unpopularity and suspicion with which she was regarded. It is true that she had throughout the close confidence and affection of her husband. But he was in the awkward and anomalous position of heir apparent; too modest to push himself to the front, too deferential to assert himself; proud, no doubt, of his wife, but perhaps a little shy and nervous as to the effect she was producing. Who else was there? The old Emperor William, a crude soldier of small mental powers, out of sympathy with his son's views, and simply shocked at his daughter-in-law. The Empress, a kind but quite unintelligent lady; and then—Bismarck! Of the many unattractive aspects of the character of the great Chancellor, none can have been more repellent than his attitude and bearing towards the Empress Frederick. There was hardly a treacherous scheme in which, with studied insolence, he was not prepared to hint at her complicity. With scarcely a lapse, these two powerful characters pulled against one another through all those years, and yet when Bismarck's downfall came, it was actually to the "Engländerin" that he turned for sympathy! In the few extracts given in this book of his references to her—bitter, sarcastic, cruel though they may have been—one can discern that he sometimes feared, but never despised, his rival. Then, in later years, her own son ranged himself against her. This is accounted for by their striking likeness to one another in character and temperament. Indeed, it was not surprising that their

Macmillan & Co.'s New Books

VILHJÁLMUR STEFÁNSSON.

My Life with the Eskimo.

By VILHJÁLMUR STEFÁNSSON. Illustrated. 8vo. 17s. net.

A fascinating record of travel and adventure by the leader of the present Canadian Arctic Expedition, who, more than any other man living, has lived with the Eskimo and made himself master of their lore and traditions.

Hungary's Fight for National Existence; Or, the History of the Great Uprising led by Francis Rakoczi II., 1703-1711.

By LADISLAS BARON HENGEL-MÜLLER. With Prefaces by Mr. BEYCE and Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

The Gospel Story in Art.

By JOHN LA FARGE. Illustrated with 80 Plates of Famous Paintings described in the Text. 4to. 15s. net. [Tuesday.

The Last Discourse and Prayer of our Lord. A Study of St. John XIV-XVII.

By the Rev. Prof. H. B. SWETE, D.D., Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net. [Immediately.

The Eschatology of Jesus.

By Rev. H. LATIMER JACKSON, D.D. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Property: Its Duties and Rights — Historically, Philosophically and Religiously Regarded.

A Series of Essays by Prof. L. T. HOBBHOUSE. Canon RASHDALL, A. D. LINDSAY, Dr. VERNON BARTLET, Dr. A. J. CARLYLE, H. G. WOOD, M.A., and Canon SCOTT HOLLAND. With Introduction by the Bishop of OXFORD. 8vo. 5s. net.

Morning Post.—"This volume of essays will be found very helpful by those who are interested—as every elector should be—in a problem that is at the heart of modern politics."

PART VII. JUST PUBLISHED.

The Golden Bough.

A Study in Magic and Religion. By J. G. FRAZER, D.C.L., LL.D. Litt. D. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. 8vo.

PART VII. Balder the Beautiful.

In 2 vols. 20s. net.

British Budgets 1887-8 to 1912-13.

By BERNARD MALLET, C.B. 8vo, 12s. net.

4th Edition thoroughly revised and enlarged.

National Insurance.

By A. S. COMYNS CARR, W. H. STUART GARNETT, and J. H. TAYLOR M.B. With a Preface by the Rt. Hon. D. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P. Fourth Edition. 8vo, 15s. net.

The Novels of Jane Austen.

In five Volumes. With Introductions by AUSTIN DOBSON. Fcap. 8vo. Velvet Calf Yapp. 3s. net each. Pride and Prejudice. Illustrated by C. E. BROCK. Emma. Mansfield Park. } Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON. Northanger Abbey and Persuasion. Sense and Sensibility.

VOL. II. JUST PUBLISHED.

Representative English Comedies.

With Introductory Essays and Notes, and a Comparative View of the Fellows and Followers of Shakespeare. Under the General Editorship of C. M. GAYLEY, Litt.D., LL.D.

Vol. II. The Later Contemporaries of Shakespeare: Ben Jonson and Others.

Extra crown 8vo, 8s. 6d. net.

By VISCOUNT MORLEY.

Notes on Politics and History.

A University Address by VISCOUNT MORLEY, O.M., Chancellor of the University of Manchester. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

EARL CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

Modern Parliamentary Eloquence.

The Rede Lecture delivered before the University of Cambridge, November 6, 1913, by EARL CURZON OF KEDLESTON, Chancellor of the University of Oxford. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography.

With Illustrations. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net. The Daily News.—"Mr. Roosevelt's volume must be accounted an unqualified success. . . . The vigorous personality of the author of 'The Strenuous Life' has left its impress on every page, with the result that for sheer sustained interest the book can have few rivals, if any, among the publications of the year. . . . Mr. Roosevelt's book is far too interesting to be put aside till every page has been read."

John Woolman: His Life and Our Times.

Being a Study in Applied Christianity. By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE. Extra Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Sādhana: The Realisation of Life.

A Series of Lectures by RABINDRANATH TAGORE, Author of "Gitanjali," etc. Extra crown 8vo. 5s. net.

The Crescent Moon. Child-Poems.

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. With 8 Illustrations in Colour. Pott 4to. 4s. 6d. net.

Collected Poems. By Newman Howard.

Including "Kiartan the Iclander," "Savonarola," "Constantine the Great," "The Guanches: an Idyl," and other Poems. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Poems of Arthur Hugh Clough.

With an introduction by CHARLES WHIBLEY, and a portrait. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Joan's Green Year: Letters from the Manor Farm.

By E. L. DOON. Crown 8vo. 6s. [Immediately. A book of the same type as "The Odd Farmhouse," with a delightful feeling for country life and character.

THOMAS HARDY'S NEW PROSE VOLUME.

A Changed Man. The Waiting Supper, and other Tales, concluding with the Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid.

By THOMAS HARDY. With Frontispiece. Extra crown 8vo. 6s.

The Passionate Friends.

By H. G. WELLS. 6s.

SECOND IMPRESSION.

Here are Ladies.

By JAMES STEPHENS, Author of "The Crock of Gold," etc. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

EDITH WHARTON'S NEW NOVEL.

The Custom of the Country.

By EDITH WHARTON. Extra Crown 8vo. 6s.

FLORENCE MONTGOMERY'S NEW NOVEL.

Behind the Scenes in the Schoolroom.

Being the Experiences of a Young Governess. By FLORENCE MONTGOMERY. Author of "Misunderstood." Extra Crown 8vo. 6s.

The Stranger at the Gate. A Story of Christmas.

By MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. 6s.

. Macmillan's Illustrated Catalogue post free on application.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

corresponding qualities and defects produced discord and almost estrangement until the concluding months of her life, when the Emperor William came at last and stood by her side.

The culminating episodes of the Empress's life present one of the most poignant tragedies that can ever have befallen one placed in what appeared to be so fortunate and commanding a position. Her husband, as the moment came for him to carry out the ideals he had persistently striven for through a life, nobly led, of patient waiting and conspicuous service on the battlefield—her hero, whom she adored—was felled by a cruel disease that allowed him only to survive his aged father by a few months and to reign a hundred days. And she, in her bereavement and loneliness in the land she had made her home, was soon to follow him, after the same malady had afflicted her with acute suffering, which she bore with unflinching fortitude.

The Empress Frederick was surprisingly liberal in her views. She was an advanced thinker, ahead of her time, and quite out of place in her surroundings. Her social and political views were very penetrating and far-sighted. But she was often tempted in the course of discussion to run off at a tangent on some metaphysical tack that was neither relevant nor profound. Although she was capable of great concentration, she might have appeared discursive to those who could only enjoy brief conversations with a person of such exalted rank. She was a strong believer in "woman's rights," the term which described the woman's movement in those days; and she worked assiduously in many directions on behalf of women. Her knowledge and appreciation of art were considerable; and her own paintings, unlike the usual royal productions that are touched up by the master's hand, showed bold originality and a professional breadth of treatment. In fact, in more than one direction, she was within an ace of being a genius. But some hampering limitations, whether of birth, of education, or of environment, somehow prevented that gulf being bridged. Socially she had peculiar charm. It was her naive sincerity, entire lack of self-consciousness, and sometimes reckless spontaneity, which endeared her to many friends. She was not good-looking, nor even very distinguished looking, but she had dignity, and her cheerful expression was lit up by her mother's radiant smile. Like her mother, too, she was fond of bad jokes. She was a loyal and faithful friend, and she sought and found companionship with those kindred spirits in both countries who could understand the subtler beauties and interests of life.

This book, written though it is in an appreciative spirit, is of necessity reticent and guarded. It gives a slight but true impression, and as a memoir will serve to tide over the interval that must elapse till a fuller disclosure of this interesting character and a longer account of her romantic story can see the light. In history the Empress Frederick will eventually stand out, not as a princess who could be dismissed with the usual fulsome eulogy of contemporary courtiers soon to be forgotten, but as a woman whose mind and opinions deserve the full compliment of a detailed analysis and a lasting record for future generations to peruse.

THE MAYBRICK CASE.

"The Trial of Mrs. Maybrick." Edited by H. B. IRVING. (Edinburgh: Hodge & Co. 6s. net.)

WE live in an age when publishers are alert to discover subjects for fresh "series," and it is not surprising that a selection of "Notable English Trials" should be in course of production, or that among the trials thus dealt with the Maybrick Case should find a place. Those who are tired of crime as conceived and detected by the novelist of to-day, but who care to become absorbed in a story of passion leading up to a final conviction for murder, might do worse than turn to this human document, which is, in fact, little more than a transcript of the shorthand notes of an actual trial of twenty-five years ago.

The book opens with an admirable and impartial summary of the case by Mr. Irving, who abstains from comment and criticism, and is content to give us facts.

Following, there is a chronological table of the main events, from the marriage of the Maybricks, in 1881, to the release of Mrs. Maybrick from Aylesbury Prison in 1904. Then, without further preliminary, comes the bald, literal report of every word spoken in the course of the trial from the opening, "May it please your Lordship, Gentlemen of the jury," down to the appalling final sentence addressed to the prisoner in the dock, ". . . and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

Here is everything coldly set forth: the sonorous name and titles of the Judge; the list of Counsel for the Crown and for the Defence; the names, addresses, and occupations of the jury. (What novelist, in inventing occupations for his jury, would have had the hardihood to set down three of them as "plumbers"?) And then, in minutest detail, the story is unfolded to these twelve men in a box until they are in a position to make reply to the fateful question of the Clerk of the Arraigns, "Do you find the prisoner guilty of the murder of James Maybrick, or not guilty?"

The principals in the tragedy may be reduced to three in number: the Husband, the Wife, and the Other Man. A Liverpool cotton broker, aged forty-two, marries an American girl, aged eighteen, daughter of a banker in Alabama. They settle on the outskirts of Liverpool, and there two children are born to them. It is beyond dispute that the husband is hypochondriacal, fancying his health to be worse than it is, and probably making it worse by his practice of taking drugs. Among the drugs which he so took was arsenic. The pair have been married between seven and eight years. He is therefore fifty, and she is twenty-six. Their domestic life has become clouded. It is hinted that she had ground for suspecting him of some irregular attachment, but there is no evidence of this. That he, on the other hand, had good reason to complain of her conduct had he known everything, is all too plain. In March, 1884, just seven weeks before he dies, she had gone alone to London, ostensibly to nurse a sick aunt. In reality, she had been with the Other Man, staying at an hotel off Cavendish-square. Within twenty-four hours of her return home, there is a violent quarrel between husband and wife, after a visit to the Grand National Race, where, against his wishes, she had persisted in walking about the course with the Other Man. The husband objected to the acquaintance, without knowing what solid ground he had for objecting. But this quarrel is soon ended, the family doctor bringing about a reconciliation. Four weeks later the husband attends another race-meeting, there gets wet, and becomes acutely unwell on his return home. A few days later he recovers sufficiently to go to his office in Liverpool, but on May 3rd he is again ill, and on May 11th he is dead. A post-mortem is held on the 13th, and on the 14th the widow is arrested on suspicion of having caused her husband's death. The Coroner's jury returns a verdict of wilful murder against her, the magistrates commit her to the Assizes, and the report of the proceedings at the Assizes covers 360 pages of the book which lies before us.

In itself the story lacks no element essential to a drama of passion. The young and attractive wife, twenty-four years younger than the husband, born and bred in another land; the husband fidgetting about his health and constantly experimenting upon himself with drugs; Battlecrease House, where they lived (surely named to be introduced into drama); the two little children, an ample staff of servants, and evidence of comfortable means; the wife's *liaison*, the quarrel after the races, and the patching of it up; all this in itself, as the story is unfolded in the Assize Court, is moving enough, even if we could forget that the woman stands in the dock on her trial for murder, the allegation being that she poisoned her husband by repeated doses of arsenic. Each page, each fresh witness who steps into the box, each rising of counsel to examine or cross-examine, the addresses to the jury for the prosecution and for the defence—in all there is constant and absorbing interest. This interest for most readers is heightened by the fact that a great and famous advocate led for the defence. Apart from the figure of the young wife in the dock, our attention centres inevitably upon Sir Charles Russell. His opening and closing speeches, his examinations-in-chief of his witnesses, all his cross-examinations, his every interjection or correction, cannot,

NEW FOULIS BOOKS

The Complete Works of Friedrich Nietzsche

Eighteen volumes. Edited by Dr. OSCAR LEVY. Price of set, £3 17s. net. "England is richer for a gift of great moral and intellectual worth—moral dynamite to clear away obstructions, and solid moral values wherewith to build new paths for the progress of the race."—*From English Review*, October, 1913.

IRISHMEN ALL

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. Containing 12 Illustrations in Colour by JACK B. YEATS. Mr. Geo. A. Birmingham's new work is a masterpiece of merciless banter. But with it all he is never wanton. His laughter is like medicine. He makes a joke of Ireland because he adores her. Ex. cr. 8vo. 226 pages. Buckram, 5s. net.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF ENGLISH LIFE

By F. FRANKFORT MOORE. Containing 20 Studies, mostly in Colour, of English character by GEORGE BELCHER. These tales are told against the rectors and the rustics, the tradesmen and the country folk; the doctors and parvenu and squire are all inspired by the merry malice and good-humoured mockery that is the very spirit of true Comedy. Ex. cr. 8vo. 296 pages. Buckram, 5s. net.

LAW AND LAUGHTER

By GEORGE A. MORTON and D. MACLEOD MALLOCH. Beginning with Sir Thomas More, whose quiet humour exhibited itself even at the scaffold, the compilers of this collection of legal wit and humour carry us through the grim pleasantries of Jeffreys and Braxfield to the caustic remarks of the late Scottish Lord Young, and bring us down to the dry retorts of Mr. Justice Darling. The volume contains 32 portraits of legal luminaries. Ex. cr. 8vo. 256 pages. Buckram, 5s.

THE HILLS OF HOME

By L. MACLEAN WATT. Including the "Pentland" Essays of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON—"An Old Scotch Gardener"; "The Manse"; "Pastoral"; "The Pentland Rising." 12 Illustrations in Colour by ROBERT HOPE, A.R.S.A. Ex. cr. 8vo. 276 pp. Buckram, 5s. net. The Pentland Hills exercised a very strong influence on the mind of R. L. S., who spent much of his youth wandering on their slopes. The essays which he wrote about them, and the dwellers round their "muckle knees," are certainly among the finest and most lovable of all his work. The volume contains an able account of this Stevenson country, as well as a collection of the Pentland essays.

AT THE TURN OF THE YEAR

Essays and Nature Thoughts from the writings of FIONA MACLEOD. Containing 12 Illustrations in Colour by H. C. PRESTON MACCOUN, R.S.W. Ex. cr. 8vo. 254 pages. Buckram, 5s. net.

THE PROVOST

By JOHN GALT. With 12 Illustrations in Colour by J. M. AITKEN. Ex. cr. 8vo. 368 pages. Buckram, 5s. net.

REMINISCENCES OF OLD SCOTS FOLK

By T. RATCLIFFE BARNETT. Author of "Fairshields," &c. Containing 10 Illus. in Colour by R. GEMMELL HUTCHISON, R.S.A. 232 pp. 5s. net.

LIFE IN CANADA

Roughing it in the Bush, or Forest Life in Canada.

By Mrs. SUSANNA MOODIE. With 19 Illustrations, including 9 in Colour. Ex. cr. 8vo. 592 pages. Buckram, 5s. net.

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER

By IZAAK WALTON. With portrait of Jacob Huysman and 12 Illus. in Colour by W. LEE HANKEY, and reproductions of Old Angling Book Decorations. Cr. 8vo. 324 pp. Buckram, 5s. net; Leather, 7s. 6d. net.

MY GARDEN OF THE RED RED ROSE

By J. R. AITKEN. Author of "In a City Garden." Containing 8 Illus. in Colour by FRED. TAYLOR. Crown 8vo. 332 pp. 5s. net; leather, 7s. 6d. net.

IN A CITY GARDEN

By J. R. AITKEN. Author of "My Garden of the Red, Red Rose." With 6 Illustrations in Colour by KATHARINE CAMERON, R.S.W. Fcap. 12mo. 124 pages. Boards, 3s. 6d. net; Leather, 5s. net.

MODERN MUSICIANS

A Book for Players, Singers, and Listeners. By J. CUTHBERT HADDEN. Containing 21 Portraits. Crown 8vo. 288 pages. Buckram, 3s. 6d. net; Leather, 5s. net. Here is a companion volume to the Author's very successful work entitled "Master Musicians."

ARTS AND CRAFTS OF INDIA AND CEYLON

By ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY, D.Sc. Author of "Medieval Sinhalese Art," &c. Containing Frontispiece in Colour and over 250 other Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 256 pages. Buckram, 6s. net.

THE SOCIAL UNREST :

ITS CAUSE AND SOLUTION

By J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P., Chairman of the Labour Party in the House of Commons. Crown 8vo. 134 pages. Wrapper, 1s. net; Library Edition in Buckram, 2s. 6d. net.

THE ROSE GARDEN SERIES

A series of volumes containing illuminations reproduced from old Persian manuscripts and illustrations in Colour. Fcap. 12mo, in richly decorated boards, 5s. net; Leather, 7s. 6d. net.

I. *The Rose Garden of Persia*. Being translations from all the most important Persian poets by various translators. 12 illuminated pages and 4 illustrations in Colour by FREDERICK GARDNER. 234 pages.
II. *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*. Containing full notes and glossary by N. H. DOLE. 10 illuminated pages and 8 illustrations in Colour by FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A. 140 pages.

Illustrated list now ready.

T. N. FOULIS, Publisher, 91, Gt. Russell Street, London, W.C., and at Edinburgh.

JAMES CLARKE & CO.'S Books for Christmas Gifts.

A Chronicle of the Archbishops of Canterbury.

By A. E. MCKILLIAM, M.A.

Photogravure Portrait and 16 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 7s. 6d. net.

"A most valuable work. . . . The whole Church owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. McKilliam for his labours in producing this most instructive 'anthology.'"—*Liverpool Courier*.
"Most fascinating and instructive. Mr. McKilliam has carried out his task in an admirable way; he has shown discrimination and a grasp of history which makes the book really valuable. No other book exists giving in such handy form the lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury."
—*Church Family Newspaper*.

Hampstead :

Its Historic Houses ; Its Literary and Artistic Associations.

By ANNA MAXWELL.

Four Illustrations in Colour and 32 full-page reproductions of Old Prints and Original Drawings. Foolscap 4to, handsomely bound in art vellum, gilt top, 7s. 6d. net.

"Full of interest and charm."—*Daily Telegraph*.
"Very adequate and charmingly written . . . delightfully interesting."—*The Bookman*.

Things that Matter Most.

Short Devotional Readings.

By J. H. JOWETT, M.A., D.D.,

Author of "The Transfigured Church," &c. Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, with head-band and marker, 3s. 6d. net; leather, 5s. net.

"Highly developed spiritual insight and sensitiveness, and a fine artistry of expression, are worthily employed here in the service of the highest life."—*Birmingham Post*.

Religion and To-Day.

By J. BRIERLEY,

Author of "The Secret of Living," "Studies of the Soul." Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.
"This volume is characterised by serious thought and suggestive treatment, while the copious wealth of references testifies to the width of his reading."—*Northern Whig*.

Sermons on God, Christ, and Man.

By W. E. ORCHARD, D.D.

Author of "Modern Theories of Sin," &c. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

"Elaborate and very up-to-date discourses. They deal with some of the deepest problems of theology, and are handled with a boldness, freshness, and a fulness quite above the common."—*Western Morning News*.

Dr. Weymouth's New Testament in Modern Speech. (With Notes.)

Cloth boards, gilt top, 2s. 6d. net; leather, 4s. net. Thumb indexed : gilt top, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. net; leather, 5s. net. On Oxford India paper, cloth boards, gilt edges, 3s. 6d. net; blue leather, 5s. net. Persian morocco yapp, leather lined, silk sewn, red under gold, 8s. net. Turkey morocco limp, round corners, gilt roll, red under gold, 8s. 6d. net.

Just Published. POCKET EDITION. Without Notes. Size 5½ by 3½ ins. Bible paper, cloth boards, gilt top, 1s. 6d. net; Oxford India paper, round corners, gilt edges, 2s. 6d. net.

Everychild : A Christmas Morality.

By HAROLD BEGBIE.

Small crown 8vo, cover and frontispiece in colours, 1s. net. A daintily-produced booklet designed for use as a variation on the orthodox Christmas card. The brochure will make a delightful little greeting-gift.

"Few books could serve better as a Christmas gift."
—*Scotman*.

PICTURE BOOKS FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

The Rosebud Annual.

The Ideal Book for the Nursery. Four Coloured Plates, 200 Pictures, and numerous Stories, &c., by the children's favourites. Printed in colour. Pictorial boards, varnished, 3s.; cloth boards, 4s.
"A treasure of fun and interest."—*Birmingham Mail*.

Animal Happyland.

Pictures by LOUIS WAIN, HARRY B. NEILSON, ELSIE BLOMFIELD, &c. With Stories in Prose and Verse. Printed in colours throughout. Pictorial boards, varnished, 1s.
"The pictures are very droll, and the stories cleverly humorous."—*Liverpool Post*.

Obtainable through any bookseller, or sent direct by the publishers, carefully packed, on receipt of remittance.

JAMES CLARKE & CO., 13 & 14, Fleet St., London.

even in cold and formal print after a quarter of a century, be read without a thrill of excitement. We find ourselves as it were spectators and listeners in that court, while the great Irishman wrestles for the life of this erring woman. Never does he lose his singular dignity; never relaxes his watchfulness; never forgets, nor allows others to forget, that the business of a Court of Law is to get at the truth; that the Crown shall not press unduly for a verdict against the prisoner, any more than those who are charged with her defence shall do ought to prevent the jury from being seized of the essential facts.

Glance at one or two scenes as they are made to live for the reader in the sharp exchange of question and answer. In the angry dispute at Battlecrease House, after the couple returned from the Grand National, the husband strikes the wife. She prepares to leave the house, and a cab is ordered for her. He is heard to say, "If you once cross this threshold, you shall never enter these doors again." Whereupon the nursemaid appears, induces the wife to go upstairs, and there makes up a separate bed for her in a small dressing-room. Sir Charles Russell is cross-examining Alice Yapp, this nursemaid:—

On this night you knew that Mrs. Maybrick had ordered a cab?—I heard afterwards.

You know the cab was there waiting, and she was apparently going away?—Yes.

She came down into the hall dressed, apparently for that purpose?—Yes.

And I think you made some appeal to her yourself, and made some reference to the children?—Yes.

You appealed to her to come and see the baby?—Yes.

Did she yield?—When I put my arm round her waist, she came with me.

Later we come to the question of a letter which had been given by Mrs. Maybrick to this nursemaid to be posted. Instead of posting it, the maid opened it, read it, and handed it to Edwin Maybrick, brother of the husband now lying sick. Suspicion by this time was rife in Battlecrease House. A telegram had been despatched to another brother, Michael Maybrick, and the wording of this message, sent by an observant friend, a Mrs. Briggs, was: "Come at once: strange things going on here." Let Alice Yapp again tell us what happened in the matter of this letter:—

Sir Charles Russell: Why did you open that letter?—(No reply.)

By Mr. Justice Stephen: Did anything happen to the letter?—Yes, it fell in the dirt, my lord.

Sir Charles Russell: Why did you open that letter?—I have answered you, Sir.

Mr. Justice Stephen: She said because it fell in the dirt.

Sir Charles Russell: I think, with great deference to your lordship, she did not say so; your lordship is referring to something before.

Mr. Justice Stephen: She has just said so now.

Sir Charles Russell: Well, I did not catch it; anyhow, I want to have it out again.

(To Witness): Why did you open that letter?—I opened the letter to put it in a clean envelope.

Why didn't you put it in a clean envelope without opening it?—(No reply.)

Was it a wet day?—It was showery.

Are you sure of that?—Yes.

Will you undertake to say that? I ask you to consider.

Was it a wet day?—(No reply.)

Aye or no?—(No reply.)

Was it a wet or a dry day?—(No reply.)

What do you say you did with the letter?—I gave it to Mr. Edwin Maybrick.

No, no. I mean when you got it from Mrs. Maybrick?—I gave it to the child to post.

Did you ever do that before?—Always, and Mrs. Maybrick always gave letters to the baby to carry to the post.

Where did the child drop it?—Right by the post office in crossing the road.

If, as you suggest, this fell in the mud and was wet, there is no running of the ink in the direction. Look at it?—No, sir.

Can you suggest how there can be any damp or wet in connection with it without causing some running of the ink?—I cannot.

On your oath, girl, did you not manufacture that stain as an excuse for opening your mistress's letter?—I did not.

Have you any explanation to offer about the running of the ink?—I have not.

I put it to you again for the last time. Did you not open the letter deliberately because you suspected your mistress?—No, sir, I did not.

We may read for ourselves this letter given by the mother to the baby to take to the post. It appears in facsimile in the volume. It was from Mrs. Maybrick to the

Other Man. Bear in mind that, on this actual day when the letter was written, James Maybrick was being treated by two doctors for acute dyspepsia. The doctors were sanguine at that moment that he would speedily recover. Yet she writes to the Other Man:—

"Since my return I have been nursing M. night and day. *He is sick unto death.* The doctors held a consultation yesterday, and now all depends upon how long his strength will hold out. Both my brothers-in-law are here, and we are terribly anxious. I cannot answer your letter fully to-day, my darling, but relieve your mind of *all fear of discovery now and in the future.* M. has been delirious since Sunday, and I know now that *he is perfectly ignorant of everything, even of the name of the street, and also that he has not been making any inquiries whatever.* The tale he told me was a pure fabrication, and only intended to frighten the truth out of me. . . ."

A witness, Thomas Stansell, a colored man from the United States, who had acted as servant to James Maybrick, in Virginia, from 1878 to 1880, gives evidence that he used to be sent by his master to buy half-a-dollar's worth of arsenic at a chemist's:—

Sir Charles Russell: Did you get it?—Yes. And brought it back?—Yes. What did you get?—A very small package; not so long as that box you have in your hand (pointing to a somewhat large snuff-box from which Sir Charles was just taking a pinch).

These are instances, taken at random, of the interest which attaches to the story as narrated from the witness-box. Of the speeches of counsel, we have room only for one or two brief extracts from Sir Charles Russell's address to the jury:—

"I am but the mouthpiece of this creature in the dock, and have no right, even if I had formed opinions of my own, to convey them to you. I can only submit these views to you for your consideration, as she would be entitled to do, if she were speaking for herself.

"There are some people who think that any fatal occurrence to human life is to be accounted for. Man, in his pride of reason, his knowledge of science, his observation and stored experience of the past, can explain everything. . . . There are mysteries in human life, mysteries in the influence, the agencies that touch the springs of human life, that often even the advanced science of to-day has not fully mastered. . . .

"Gentlemen, I have said all that occurs to me to say on this matter. There is nothing of which the people of this island have greater right to be proud than that settled order and respect for the law and the administration of the law which the people honestly and heartily entertain—which they entertain because they believe the law to be just, because they believe the law to be honestly administered. And there is no more striking scene to the reflective mind than that which is presented on the trial of a criminal case where the charge is a grave one—a judge who tries with certain hands fairly to hold the scales of justice, and a jury, calm, honest, dispassionate, with no desire except to do justice according to their conscientious belief. . . .

"In the language of the officer of this Court giving the prisoner in charge to you, he informed you that the prisoner at the bar had put herself upon her country, which country you are. . . ."

Probably, the reader will end in a measure of doubt as to whether, in this particular trial, the law did, or did not, succeed in the solemn task to which it was set. For such as are inclined to re-try Mrs. Maybrick; Mr. Irving's book supplies abundant material, whether they elect to appear for the prosecution or for the defence. But, whatever view they may take on the subject of Mrs. Maybrick's innocence or guilt, the story unfolded of life within Battlecrease House, the dramatic procession of witnesses to and from the box, and the great duel of Counsel in that Assize Court at Liverpool twenty-five years ago, faithfully set forth as it is here, will cause some readers to lay the book down with a lively feeling that truth, even if it be not stranger than fiction as represented by the latter-day detective story, is at any rate a good deal more readable.

H.

THE FORMING OF LEONARDO.

"Leonardo da Vinci." By Dr. JENS THIES. (Jenkins. 42s. net.

To the long bibliography of Leonardo da Vinci Dr. Jens Thies has contributed a volume that will rank as one of the most interesting and authoritative of its kind. One often looks askance at books produced in the regal style of this one, with its upwards of 270 illustrations on art paper, and its handsome typography, for it frequently happens

Gift-Books Recommended by Critics that Count.

BAROQUE ARCHITECTURE

By MARTIN S. BRIGGS, A.R.I.B.A. With 109 illustrations. Cloth, 21s. net.

The Westminster Gazette says: "The most important book of the week is the well-illustrated 'Baroque Architecture.' Mr. Briggs devotes about one half of his study to examples in Italy. Over 100 excellent illustrations, either from photographs or after drawings by the author, embellish the volume."

EGYPTIAN ART

By Sir GASTON MASPERO. With over 100 illustrations. Cloth, 21s. net.

The Times says: "M. Maspero's call to students to look into the details and to note the varied treatment of Egyptian works of art is especially useful. . . . We are supplied with splendid photographic illustrations to enable us to follow the textual descriptions of typical masterpieces."

THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA

By ARNALDO CERESATO. With 407 illustrations. Cloth, 21s. net.

The Times says: "An attractively written study by a well-known Italian author, both of the scenery and of the people. The illustrations are, both from their excellence and their number, a conspicuous feature of the book."

CHRISTMAS: In Ritual and Tradition, Christian & Pagan

[Second Edition.]

By C. A. MILES. With 20 illustrations. Cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

The Times says: "This well-written book, a mine of knowledge, carefully details all the traditions attached to each feast in every part of Europe, all the superstitions, the forecastings of the future, the mummings, the maskings, and the wassailings."

EVERYBODY'S ST. FRANCIS

[Second Impression.]

By MAURICE F. EGAN. Illustrated in colour by M. BOUTET DE MONVEL. Cloth, 8s. 6d. net.

The Manchester Guardian says: "The charm of 'Everybody's St. Francis' is enormously increased by the delicate, pathetic, and witty tinted drawings of Boutet de Monvel."

BRITISH LIGHTHOUSES: Their History and Romance

By J. SAXBY WRYDE. With 32 full-page illustrations. Cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

The Pall Mall Gazette says: "It is a very informative book, and quite the most searching and complete study of an eternal subject that has issued from the press. . . . It should grace and enrich many a private library collection."

LORD LISTER: His Life and Work

[Fourth Impression.]

By G. T. WRENCH, M.D. Cloth, 15s. net.

The Times says: "Dr. Wrench's narrative of Lister's wonderful career is free from technicalities, clear, and well adapted for general readers of all ages. . . . a vivid and accurate presentation of the romance of Listerism."

FABRE, POET of SCIENCE

By Dr. C. V. LEGROS. With a Portrait. Cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

The Times says: "Amid the multitude of mediocre biographies which the modern press pours forth, Fabre, Poet of Science, stands out as a really sound, sympathetic, and artistic piece of work. . . . As fascinating as a romance."

REMINISCENCES of a SOUTH AFRICAN PIONEER

By W. C. SCULLY. 2 volumes. Illustrated. Cloth, 10s. 6d. net. each.

The Spectator says: "Mr. Scully, both in temperament and in the nature of his experience, stands almost alone among South African writers. He can interpret the soul of waste places with an imaginative insight which no one, not even Olive Schreiner, has surpassed."

PIERRE GARAT: Singer and Exquisite (1762-1823)

By BERNARD MIALL. With 32 illustrations. Cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

The Evening Standard says: "Mr. Miall makes the past live before us with the pen of a master."

T.P.'s Weekly says: "A pageant of anecdote and adventure."

A COURT PAINTER and his CIRCLE: Francois Boucher (1703-1770)

By Mrs. BEARNE. With a Coloured Frontispiece and 32 other illustrations. Cloth, 15s. net.

The Academy says: "Mrs. Bearne handles her subject with a brilliant and easy pen, and recounts Boucher's history, and that of his period in a style which never permits our attention to flag, or allows us to lay aside her engrossing pages."

A NATURALIST IN CANIBAL LAND

By WALTER MEEK. With 36 illustrations. Cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

The Athenaeum says: "Even the unlearned in natural history will find it most readable, and will enjoy the spirit of adventure it exhibits."

HOW FRANCE IS GOVERNED

[Second Impression.]

By RAYMOND POINCAIRÉ, President of the French Republic. Cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

The Spectator says: "A most interesting and valuable account of the whole framework of French administration. . . . packed full of information not easily obtained elsewhere, and conveyed in language of remarkable and attractive simplicity."

JAPAN'S INHERITANCE: The Country, its People, and their Destiny

By E. BRUCE MITFORD, F.R.G.S. With Maps, Plans, and 70 illustrations from Photographs. Cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

The Observer says: "It has quite considerable claims to be the most interesting work on Japan. A consistent, brilliant, and conscientious account. . . . Mr. Mitford's freshness of vision makes every page valuable."

LUXEMBOURG

By GEORGE RENWICK, F.R.G.S. With a Map and 32 illustrations. Cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

The Globe says: "Mr. Renwick has compiled the most charming description of the little-duchy of Luxembourg that can be imagined."

The Daily Chronicle says: "A jolly book about a real Ruritania."

THE MATTERHORN

By GUIDO REY. Profusely illustrated by EDOARDO RUBINO. Cheap Edition. Cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

The Times says: "Fills a gap in mountain-seeing literature. . . . The duel between an inaccessible mountain and an unconquerable man is for Signor Rey a drama to be related with dramatic intensity and force."

SOCIAL LIFE in the IN-SECT WORLD

[Third Impression.]

By J. H. FABRE. With 14 illustrations. Cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

The Athenaeum says: "It is one of the most captivating books of our generation. M. Fabre's delineation is so divorced from mere scientific jottings, so instinct with human insight, that pigmy mankind might be the insect world whose social customs and peculiarities he so imitatively describes."

THINGS AS THEY ARE IN PANAMA

By HARRY A. FRANCK. With 50 illustrations. Cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

The Tatler says: "The experiences which Mr. Franck had to go through are so varied, so amusing, often so wildly exciting, and always so tersely, vividly described, that they make the most delightful reading."

The December issue of M.A.B. (Mainly About Books) gives excerpts and specimen illustrations from many of the above-mentioned books. A copy will be sent post free to any address on request.

A copy of Mr. Fisher Unwin's New Illustrated List of Gift-Books will be sent post free to any address on request.

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C., and of all Booksellers.

that the magnificence of the form is counter-balanced by the poverty of the reading matter; here, however, text and form are worthy each of the other. Nor does the work suffer from covering only Leonardo's Florentine period; this, the period of germination, is infinitely more interesting to the student of art history than the period of fruition, the later years passed at Milan. The reason is that the reputation of Leonardo as artist rests mainly on his drawings; and it is the drawings of his earlier years that tell us most about the character of his genius. The more these drawings are weeded out, the clearer becomes the message of those that remain acknowledged as genuine. Indeed, nothing but good can come of the weeding-out process, so long as the efforts of its operators are directed towards the single-minded purpose of obtaining homogeneity among those that are left; for, obviously, a homogeneous collection of drawings will give a clearer notion of an artist's thought and method, than a collection which admits conflicting and contradictory elements. Thus, we accept without dismay Dr. Thiis's assurance that out of the forty-two drawings attributed to Leonardo in the Uffizi Gallery, he finds that seven only are authentic. His pruning is as severe as Senor Beruete's in regard to Velasquez; but, in both cases, our conception of the artist is vastly illuminated by the process. This is at once its justification, and our consolation for the loss of reputed examples.

The analysis of the drawings was Dr. Thiis's main object in writing this book, and there is little else. The rather scattered details of Leonardo's life from 1452—the supposed date of his birth—to the end of 1481, when the author adduces evidence to show that the artist went to Milan, are given without variation from previous authorities. Leonardo's apprenticeship to Verrocchio affords Dr. Thiis greater scope for his analytical and deductive talent. Here the drawings of Verrocchio are dealt with at a length that might suggest that the author's interest in the master exceeded that in the pupil. But, in point of fact, it is virtually impossible to write of the one without the other. As regards versatility, they were kindred natures; an infinite capacity for taking pains, and an innate refinement, were common to both; and though Vasari wrote disparagingly of Verrocchio's achievement, later critics have restored him to a position of eminence comparable with that of Leonardo himself. In discussing the Verrocchio drawings, Dr. Thiis breaks one of several lances with Dr. Bode. He not only disputes the genuineness of many drawings which the Berlin Gallery director has given to Verrocchio, but charges him with the wrongful attribution of other Verrocchios to Leonardo. Although Dr. Thiis, in taking the Berlin critic to task, shows a good deal of restraint in relegating the latter's most egregious critical error—the attribution of the wax bust by the Englishman Lucas to Leonardo—to a note at the end of the volume, one cannot help noticing the contrast of his coldly disapproving attitude to Dr. Bode and his warm appreciation of Mr. Bernhard Berenson. He worked at the Leonardo drawings in Florence with Mr. Berenson, and throughout this volume is disposed to sit at his feet; even to the extent of discovering an "Alunno di Andrea" Verrocchio to match Mr. Berenson's "Amico di Sandro."

Of Leonardo the man we know little more than we did before Dr. Thiis put pen to paper. But we are grateful for his fine interpretation of the artist's "Adoration of the Magi," to which he accords an ethical significance quite in keeping with the wide-ranging mind of the author of the Note-books; and in suggesting how the idea for the "Last Supper" was created out of the drawings of the "Adoration," he is agreeably illuminating. He considers that there was a touch of cruelty in Leonardo's artistic soul. When Bandino Baroncelli, the Pazzi conspirator, was hanged, the artist made a sketch of him as he swung from the Bargello window, and afterwards made a more detailed study of the face. He also devised some fiendish engines of war. Abnormal and repulsive types of humanity had a strong fascination for him; he drew some marvellous grotesques. Do these things indicate a strain of cruelty, such as is found in many of the finest natures of the Renaissance? It is possible: with all our documentary information about Leonardo, we know so little of him. But we would prefer to say that they indicate, rather, the

strongly marked presence in him of that universal spirit of detachment from moral considerations which was a salient feature of the humanistic current in Renaissance art. Art is to him, as it is to the majority of modern æsthetic philosophers, neither cruel nor kind, neither moral nor immoral, whatever may ultimately result from it. Nor can one suppose that because he devised engines of war he had any illusions about war itself. Somewhere in the Note-books he describes it as a "bestial frenzy." Read the passage in which he prescribes the manner of painting a battle scene; its terrible realism ranks him, as Mr. McCurdy has aptly pointed out elsewhere, with Tolstoy and Verestchagin, who strove to make war impossible by showing its horrors in their nakedness. What was Leonardo's attitude to women? Mr. McCurdy argues from the Note-books that he never experienced desire, or at least never translated it into action. Dr. Thiis, pointing to the drawings, appears to draw the opposite conclusion. There is no direct evidence to support either point of view, or to confute either. So we are left speculating, to make what we will of a genius who, in this regard and in several others, remains as inscrutable as the smile of his own Monna Lisa.

"A STATE IN DANGER."

"My Life in Saráwak." By the RANEE OF SARÁWAK. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

UNDER the above title, we drew attention rather more than a year ago to the necessity of watchfulness in guarding the future of Saráwak against the obvious dangers which threaten it, in common with nearly all tropical regions. We meant, of course, the dangers of "concessions." Once grant concessions to British or European companies, and the doom of the natives in any tropical district is sealed. Almost inevitably they sink from the position of free cultivators and owners of the soil to the position of "contract laborers" or slaves, toiling unceasingly for the profit of "concessionaires" and the stock markets of London or other European cities. In Assam, in Angola, on the Congo and the Putumayo we have seen plainly enough what tropical labor for European companies implies, and we want no more of it. We refuse to impose "the White Man's Burden" upon any tropical country which is still free from its horror.

Under the admirable government of its two celebrated Rajahs, Saráwak has hitherto remained free; but in his Address to his State Council last year, the present Rajah, who is now an old man, spoke ominously of "those who might wish to intrigue against and injure the independence or integrity of the country." As some sort of a safeguard, he proposed to establish in London another Council, consisting of former officials who had served Saráwak well. Such a Council would be of some advantage, especially if assisted by such friends of natives, and enemies of concessionaires, as Sir Godfrey Lagden and Sir Harry Johnston. But Saráwak, through the Colonial Office, is under British protection, and its preservation from the greed of concession-hunters is a matter that concerns the whole State. If people could be made to realize the difference between life in Saráwak under the Government of the last seventy years, and life under the domination of a modern rubber company, we have some hope that the peril might be permanently averted.

The Ranee's service in writing this book is to help us to realize what Saráwak and its people are. We all know the romantic story of the first Rajah, James Brooke, a naval officer, who, in 1841, took up the government of this large tract on the North-West Coast of Borneo, and was succeeded in 1868 by his nephew, Charles Brooke, the present Rajah. Charles Brooke had been living in Saráwak since 1852. In the early 'seventies he married Miss Margaret de Windt (sister of the well-known traveller, Mr. Harry de Windt), and she accompanied him to Saráwak as the Ranee. With intervals, she has lived there many years, and she writes with the authority of one who has made the country her home, and its people her people. In describing the objects of his government, the first Rajah wrote:—

"It is a grand experiment, which, if it succeeds, will bestow a blessing on these poor people; and their children's children shall bless me. If it please God to permit me to give a stamp to this country which shall last after I am no



Get New Health for the New Year.

YOU cannot "start the New Year well" if you are not well in health. Start taking Sanatogen *now* in order to lay a good foundation of new health for the New Year.

You will probably be in better health than you have ever been before, and your nervous system, in particular, will be wonderfully strengthened and invigorated. You will have more energy and staying power, more interest in your work, more ambition and enjoyment of life. So you will start the New Year not handicapped by ill-health, but feeling fit and fresh and enthusiastic.

Begin to-day—There's no time like the present!

Nearly all people who "do things," who succeed in life, are users of Sanatogen. For example, that brilliant young novelist, Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE, author of "Carnival," etc., writes: "While I am writing a book I rely almost entirely on Sanatogen. I find it hard to express in words the benefit I derive from Sanatogen; it is the only preparation that never fails."

Fixedly resolve to take Sanatogen from now till the year's end! Let 1914 be a turning point in your life—the year when you started afresh, with fresh health and energy! And start to-day—here and now!

Write for Free Sample.

If you write, mentioning "The Nation," to A. Wulff and Co., 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C., they will send you a Trial Supply. Sanatogen is sold by all Chemists, from 1s. 9d. to 9s. 6d. per tin.

THE ROUND TABLE

A Quarterly Review of the Politics of the British Empire.

December, 1913.

No. 13.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

ISLAM AND THE EMPIRE.

CANADA AND ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS.

UNITED KINGDOM—Party Politicians and the Land—The State and the Labourer—The Increase of Productiveness—Small Ownership.

CANADA—The By-Elections—The United States Tariff—The Financial Situation—The French Language in Ontario.

AUSTRALIA—The Political Situation—The Inter-State Commission.

SOUTH AFRICA—Some Reflections on the Rand Strike—The Indian Difficulty.

NEW ZEALAND—The Labour "Unity" Movement—The Naval Question.

Price 2/6 per copy, or 10/- per annum post free to any address within the Empire.

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S ST., LONDON, W.C.

H. J. GLAISHER'S BOOK BARGAIN SALE.

New Copies at
25% to 80%
Reduction.

Annual Remainder Catalogue and Supplements Post Free. All classes of Books will be found, offered at tempting prices.

H. J. GLAISHER, Wigmore Street, London, W.

1/- NEW LARGE TYPE ILLUSTRATED HOLY BIBLE 1/-

With 15 Full-page Illustrations after Collier, Delacroix, Dietrich, Hoffmann, Molitor, Müller, Pfannschmidt, Parker, Reynolds, Sinkel, and Da Vinci. Handsomely bound in crimson morocco grained cloth, round corners, postage single copy, 4d. extra. Six copies post free for 6/7.

Prayer and Hymns (A. & M.), with 20 Illustrations, same style, at 1/2 post free, or in handsome binding, 1/8 post free.

The London Bible Warehouse, 22, Paternoster Row, E.C.

LAMLEY & CO., Discount Booksellers and Publishers.

1, 3, & 5, EXHIBITION ROAD, S.W.

The resort of Students and Book-lovers for nearly forty years.

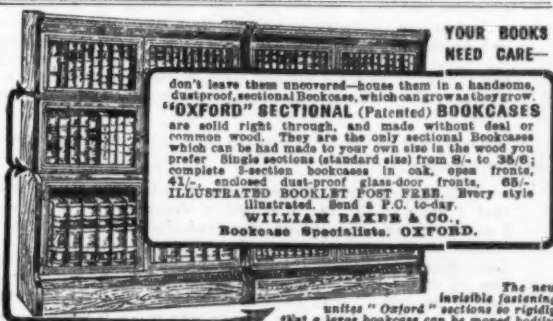
Interesting and out-of-the-way books, both old and new.

Christmas Catalogue sent on application, post free.

Two popular Children's Books:—

THE LORD OF THE DEER, By H. H. HARROD. 3s. 6d. net.

TIPTAIL, By TERTIA BENNETT. 2s. 6d.



The new
invisible fastening
unites "Oxford" sections so rigidly
that a large bookcase can be moved bodily.
(1) Q

more, I shall have lived a life which emperors might envy. If by dedicating myself to the task I am able to introduce better customs and settled laws, and to raise the feeling of the people so that their rights can never in future be wantonly infringed, I shall indeed be content and happy."

Under the Rajahs, the natives have hitherto been protected from wanton infringement of their rights. As Sir Frank Swettenham, the Governor of the Straits Colony, says in his preface to the present volume: "To betray a Malay is like taking a mean advantage of a blind man who has put his hand in yours, in the firm belief that he is safe in his blind trust in you." In that spirit of devotion and good faith, the Raneë justified her high position. She had greater opportunities even than the Rajah himself for entering into the hearts and lives of the people, and she may be said to have loved them all, whether Moslem Malay, or "heathen" Dyak (in ultimate race they are, apparently, the same, though the various tribes of Sarawak no longer mix). Not that her share in the government was all milk and honey. At a crisis she often acted with equal resource and decision. Once, for instance, it was essential to prevent a large force of wild Kayans from following the Rajah into the interior; she was alone in a coast fort, with a very small native guard, under charge of a Malay named Tuñku Ismael:—

"And if we go to-day, what will you do?" inquired Tama Paran (the chief of the disaffected war-canoes). I pointed to the guns—with, I hope, a magnificent gesture. 'If you disobey my orders, the medicine from these guns will swamp every boat of yours in the river.' With these words, I got up and dismissed them, after they had promised to come and hear my speech next day. Tuñku Ismael gently remarked, 'But we do not know how to fire the guns.' 'No,' I said; 'that does not matter; they think we do, and after all that is the chief thing!'"

Such a life was not all pleasure. Even in the most peaceful times, the heat, the mosquitoes, the scorpions, the snakes, and the crocodiles served for plagues. The Raneë herself was subject to a particularly awful form of fever, that compresses the body like a band of iron. On her first return to England, she lost all her three children in the Red Sea. It was not a life of pleasure, but such was her love for the people that in England now she feels an exile:—

"It is sad," she writes, "to think that nearly everything we most look forward to in life does not come to pass, and instead of my now being with my sons, their wives, and their children, happily settled in Sarawak amongst the best friends we have in the world, I should be writing this book and wasting my life here in this city called London."

But it is no waste of life to have written a book like this. One or two other books on Sarawak have been published, but we know nothing which gives so living a picture of the country and the people as they are. The whole is written with the intimacy of long acquaintance and the penetration that only heartfelt sympathy can give. We may quote one or two passages almost at random. Soon after her first arrival, before she could speak a word of Malay, the Raneë, in her husband's absence, determined to give a women's party. According to the Malay fashion, everything for the party, including the cakes and fruits, was borrowed from the guests. The time fixed was four in the afternoon, but the Raneë was told that etiquette required her to keep the guests waiting till nine. However, she compromised by appearing only an hour and a half late:—

"I was quite taken aback by the charming sight that awaited me as I entered the dining-hall. The rows of women and young girls seated on the floor round the room, with their silken brocades and gauzy veils of rose, green, blue, and lilac, reminded me of an animated bed of brightly colored flowers. I noticed what beautiful complexions most of these women had, of the opaque pale-yellow kind, like the petals of a fading gardenia. Their dark eyes and long eyelashes, their arched eyebrows, their magnificent black hair, their lovely feet and hands, and their quiet manners, were to me quite entrancing. As I came into the room, Talip told them to get up, and the sound of their rustling silks, all moving together, was like a gentle wind sighing through the branches of a bamboo forest."

In contrast, take this account of a famous sword-dancer in the interior:—

"Once or twice he came so near to where we were sitting that I fancied the blade caused a draught over my head. I said nothing, and sat on unmoved, but, before one could realize what was happening, three Kayans squatting on the floor sprang to their feet, and taking hold of the man, led him out of the hall. The Rajah pulled his moustache. 'What is it?' he said. 'Why has the man been taken away?' We were then informed that this Kayan, who was a famous dancer,

had previously, in a country outside the Rajah's jurisdiction, become so excited in his dancing that he had actually swept the head off one of his interested spectators."

The Raneë adds the delightfully characteristic comment:—

"I thought a good deal about the little dancing man, and came to the conclusion that he must have been an artist in his way."

But besides these particular scenes, the book is full of interesting accounts of ordinary life, of the people's customs and beliefs, and of the Sarawak animals and birds. For, as is well known, the Raneë is a true champion of animal and bird life, and a violent adversary of the European savages who deck their heads with the feathers of slaughtered egrets. Everyone who reads this account of a little-known land will close the book with a determination never to allow such a country to fall a prey to the Stock Exchange and concessionaire companies of England and Europe, but to support the present and future Rajahs in maintaining the first Rajah's proud resolve. The book has only one noticeable fault, and that is probably due to the publisher: there is no table of contents, no guide of any sort for the reader. At the top of every page the words "Sarawak and Its People" are printed, but what is the good of saying that 300 times?

DIVERSITIES OF PURPOSE.

"Hagar." By MARY JOHNSTON. (Constable. 6s.)

"The Happy-Go-Lucky Morgans." By EDWARD THOMAS (Duckworth. 6s.)

"Cupid Goes North." By MARTIN SWAYNE. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

"Love on Smoky River." By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS. (John Long. 6s.)


"News from the Duchy." By Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. (Arrowsmith. 6s.)

THIS bundle of books illustrates some of the diverse purposes of the novel. To preach a purpose, to uplift, to amuse or entertain, or occupy the wearied hours must have been among the intentions of the writers. "Hagar" has a purpose; and without rousing the storm which on occasion rages, in tea-cup manner, about the novel with a purpose, we may venture to assert that the least enjoyable part of the book is that in which the purpose predominates. Fairplay and the suffrage for women, social reform, the prevention of sweating, the destruction of slums are causes with which we energetically sympathize; but Miss Johnston has allowed them to overload her tale. Hagar Ashendyne was a child of gifts, born into a reactionary environment. Her father was a wandering artist, who had deserted his wife, leaving her to beat her wings against the invisible bars of his father's home, Gilead Balm—no balm to the broken Maria! Hagar was the daughter of her mother, predestined to revolt against the narrow and crushing conventionalities of the relatives, who in their views and ideas belonged to the last-ditch order of thinkers. Hagar was much alone. She dreamed, and read all manner of books; and through the character of her reading brought upon her clever, small head the ponderous rebuke of a bishop who still regarded Darwin and his writings as bad company. In those years she was preparing, unconsciously, for the enrichment of her womanhood. In spite of the limited and secluded life at Gilead Balm, the ugly realities of the outer world managed to intrude. A starving lad, escaped from a convict settlement, burst into the child's sanctuary, only to be re-captured in her presence. That bolt from the black quickened Hagar's susceptibilities, and helped to direct her thoughts to the realities of which slums and evil servitude are parts. The book has force and insight; it moves; but the interest slackens as its tale proceeds, and the ultimate lover could well have been dispensed with. Miss Johnston has, moreover, not quite held the balance truly between the Ashendynes—the old guard who detest change—and Hagar's progressive associates. There is a touch of exaggeration about their prejudices and obliquity of vision which detracts from the general effect. "Hagar" is, none the less, a book which will perhaps bring the Sarahs and the Abrahams of to-day nearer to the realization of the facts of woman's and the

THE W.H.S. PEN

If you would own a pen that is built for service—designed to give celerity in writing and facility in filling—a pen that can be depended upon *always*—buy The W.H.S. Pen.

It is instantly responsive—never jibs—and has a delightful touch. It fills in five seconds, without a filler. It saves time, eliminates trouble, avoids mess, and is guaranteed to give two years of writing joy.

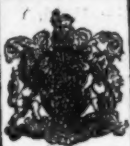
There are 72 styles of The W.H.S. Pen to choose from: every hand and handwriting can be exactly suited. The nib is of genuine 14-carat gold, tipped with iridium. Buy one to-day, and insist on the pen with the  on the barrel.

Have you seen the No. 2 model?



Of Your Stationer

W. H. SMITH & SON, Manufacturing Stationers,
Kean Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.



By Appointment
Makers to
T.M., the King
and Queen.

An exceptionally good

beverage to drink at breakfast and supper throughout the year is Rowntree's Elect Cocoa.

The whole family appreciate its fine flavour, which is a sure sign of the excellence of its quality.

Buy always

Rowntree's

ELECT Cocoa

Make Rowntree's Cocoa the family cocoa.

Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco

It is such a blessing to find a "pipe-tobacco" you never get tired of! The man who smokes "Three Nuns" is never dissatisfied, never wants a change. He knows that no other mixture could ever satisfy him so perfectly as "Three Nuns."

"King's Head" is stronger.

BOTH ARE OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

per $6\frac{1}{2}$ oz.

Three Nuns Cigarettes

MEDIUM $3\frac{1}{2}$ for 10.

No. 302.



world's rights—of Hagar in the wilderness—than all the efforts of mere reasonableness, both militant and sweet.

Mr. Edward Thomas has written a characteristic novel; in other words, "The Happy-Go-Lucky Morgans" has a sustained charm of expression, imagination, and love of nature. It is a volume in which Richard Jefferies would have rejoiced; indeed, some of the characters are in spirit near akin to those who wandered in and out of the later chapters of "Amaryllis at the Fair." The Morgans were very Welsh, more Welsh than "Balhamitish," as Mr. Thomas explains; and their friends were like them in that respect. They belonged, in thought and habits, to the mountains, and not to Balham. All certainly proved their independence and indifference to the opinions of the neighborhood; and with books, philosophy, and passing adventures in the woods of reality and romance, they lived a sufficient life. Mr. Thomas shows a new capacity for drawing character. In his earlier chapters, especially, he proves that he has a subtle and a humorous touch, which we hope will be further practised; for, although "The Happy-Go-Lucky Morgans" is probably not a book for the many, it is capable of bringing rare and refreshing joy to the superlative few.

The aim of "Cupid Goes North" is to amuse. It would have done so more successfully had Mr. Martin Swayne's previous volume, "The Sporting Instinct," not existed to challenge a comparison which this new venture cannot meet, while much of its motive has been used by Mr. Storer Clouston with more hilarious effect. The proof of the amusing book is in the laughter. "Cupid Goes North" is, like the diaconal egg, excellent in parts. Once again we see blasé youth doomed, willy-nilly, to spend weeks in Scotland. He goes there prepared to be bored. He meets a fair damsel, and he is not bored. Cecil Charteris belongs to the decadents whose affectations are full-blooded, while their minds are anæmic. He is one of "the boys." He settles at the inn of Tilwhinny with a connection, a doctor, and, in the way of farces, finds himself drawn into a combination of awkward situations and absurd doings which mildly tickle the diaphragm. He becomes a doctor in spite of himself; falls in and out of love, and, finally, in again; assists at an elopement; plays low comedy with a tendency to knock-about. Mr. Swayne, with his accomplishments staring him in the face, should have done better than this. His humor is not fantastic enough for farce; it is too quiet and subtle to go well with a theme which rather asks for the red-hot poker and the buttered slide. Let us compromise by accepting "Cupid Goes North" as a little something thrown off while a greater effort is in the making. We hope that may be so.

It was with particular interest that we opened "Love on Smoky River," for Mr. Roberts's first venture in fiction, "The Toll of the Tide," had a welcome and promising sense of reality. It brought into the reader's room the roar and spray of the waves which dashed against the wreckers' shore. The new book does not sustain that promise. It is merely ordinary; just such a tale of snow and adventure in Canada as has been written a hundred times and more. It has an interest, of course; but one looked for something more vivid. The hero, David Westley, is an ass. What is to be thought of a man who burns letters unread for no other reason than that had they been read, he must have gone home to the arms of his misunderstood lady-love, and the tale would be ended. It is just such paucity of invention which generally mars the tales of the immature; an inadequacy not sufficiently compensated by the undue use of the long arm of coincidence. The particular quality of this book is vigor. There is an energetic villain who, when quite convenient to the hero, is properly vicious and naughty. On other occasions, when, in our innocence of criminals, it seemed that Steve Canadian might easily have murdered Westley, nothing was done. In view of such carelessness, Steve deserved to come to a bad end himself, as he did. We could equally well have spared the hero.

The produce of "Q's." fertile and hard-working pen needs no bush, especially as most of the stories and sketches contained in "News from the Duchy" have already appeared with appreciation in the monthly magazines. They are

written with energy and good spirit, and even though not inspired with genius, are still good company for the odd lengths of time which come in the winter evenings. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is happiest among his friends and the old cronies of Troy. We are glad, especially, to read again that genial sketch of an election count, which proves, among other things, how political battles can be keenly fought without loss of good-fellowship.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Reconstruction of the New Colonies under Lord Milner." By W. BASIL WORSFOLD. (Kegan Paul. 2 vols. 25s. net.)

In these two large volumes Mr. Worsfold has written an account of South African history during the three years between the Peace of Vereeniging and Lord Milner's departure in 1905. But though his work takes the form of a history, it may be described with greater accuracy as an *apologia* for Lord Milner's statesmanship. It is based on Lord Milner's diaries and papers, which have been placed at Mr. Worsfold's disposal, and as, moreover, Mr. Worsfold was for a time editor of the Johannesburg "Star," it will easily be understood that his work is more that of a political partisan than of an unbiased historian. Two episodes that bulk largely in the volume are the repatriation of the Boers and the unfortunate introduction of Chinese labor. As regards the former of these, Mr. Worsfold's pages are a fulsome panegyric on Lord Milner. The achievement was certainly a great one. It cost something between ten and fifteen millions, and to carry it through made great demands upon all the resources of British statesmanship. But it was not accomplished with the complete efficiency that Mr. Worsfold would like his readers to believe. "The uneconomic buying of supplies" was a more serious matter than he is willing to admit, and the criticisms passed on the Repatriation Department by the Account-General of the Transvaal have great weight. On the question of Chinese labor, Mr. Worsfold is a convinced advocate of Lord Milner's policy, and his contrast between "the garrulous inquisition at Westminster" and "Johannesburg's perfect mastery of fact and figure" shows his incapacity for doing justice to the other side of the case. In the second volume there are chapters on railway development, the work of the Government departments, and the Lyttelton Constitution. As in Mr. Worsfold's former volumes on South African history, there are many statistical tables, and these, together with reports of speeches and the fresh material from Lord Milner's correspondence and diaries, make the present work of distinct value to students.

"My Memories: 1830-1913." By LORD SUFFIELD. Edited by ALYS LOWTH. (Jenkins., 16s. net.)

LORD SUFFIELD has been a soldier, a sportsman, and a traveller, but the most interesting of his recollections are those of the Court where the greater part of his life was spent. He is proud of his Norfolk birth, and he has a good deal to say of shooting in that county. He came into contact with King Edward in 1861, when the Prince of Wales bought the Sandringham estate, and the friendship between the two men was so close that Lord Suffield believes the King gave him "more of his confidence than anyone else on earth." During the Royal visit to India in 1875, of which he gives a full account, Lord Suffield kept a close guard over the Prince. As the sporting companion of the Prince, Lord Suffield was in his element. He was an excellent shot and had so perfect a seat in the saddle that Whyte Melville complimented him in a famous couplet. Apart from what it tells us of Court life and of sport, this book gives us some sidelights on the changes in manners and society that have taken place during the past eighty years. It tells, for instance, that in February, 1830, a private in the 7th Dragoon Guards was sentenced to three hundred lashes for sleeping at his post, while capital punishments for offences other than murder "were of sickeningly common occurrence." The book is pleasant and unassuming in tone, but many readers will feel the regret expressed by Lord Charles Beresford in the introduction, that the author has left out so much which he might have said.



NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME AND ORPHANAGE

Established 1869.

(Founded by Dr. Stephenson.)

Chief Offices: 104-122, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Principal - Rev. W. HODSON SMITH.

Treasurers: JOHN R. BARLOW, Esq., J.P., Col. and Ald. Sir CHARLES WAKEFIELD, D.L., J.P.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS APPEAL

In their sorrow, hunger, and misery, the children appeal for the love and happiness which is their right.

Shall they appeal in vain?

For forty-four years the doors of the National Children's Home have been open to welcome the needy and deserving, irrespective of sect or creed.

Over 2,200 are now being cared for, and 10,000 have been rescued and helped.

£5 5s. WILL ENABLE US TO PROVIDE FOR ONE OF THE
CHILDREN ON THE WAITING LIST BEFORE CHRISTMAS

For full particulars and advice how to help, apply to
Rev. W. Hodson Smith, National Children's Home, 104-122, City Road, London, E.C.

At Yuletide

A COMFORTABLE HOME AND A COSY FIRE
contrast most strongly with
SUFFERING MISERY AND DESTITUTION.

THE CHURCH ARMY

earnestly asks for meat, groceries, vegetables, fruits, cakes, provisions of all kinds, coats, blankets, clothing, toys, and all sorts of things suited to the season, or money to buy them, to give

CHRISTMAS CHEER

to homeless starving men and women, hungry families of the unemployed, and to inmates of 100 Labour Homes, Lads' Homes, Women's Homes, Farm Colony, and other institutions.

Gifts most gratefully received by Prebendary CARLILE, Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W., cheques being crossed "Barclays, a/c Church Army."



For general use

The "Allenburys" Diet is a complete and easily digested Food. It is pleasant to take, readily assimilated and speedily restorative. Whilst helping the system to recover its tone and vigour, it forms an ideal food for general use. Prepared from rich milk and whole wheat in a partially predigested form.

Made in a minute—add boiling water only.

Of
Chemists,
1/6 & 3/-
per tin



Large
Sample
sent for
3d. stamps

D.4. Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Lombard Street, E.C.



EXTRA POCKET MONEY.—Sell your discarded Trinkets, Gold, Jewellery, Watches, Chains, Rings, Bracelets, Silver, Antiques, or other Valuables, and remember that you get, by return, very best value offered by FRASERS, the well-known and most reliable house. Reference, Capital and Counties Bank.—FRASERS (Ipswich), Ltd., Goldsmiths, Desk 76, Princes Street, Ipswich. Established 1833.

Prudential Assurance Company, Ltd.

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

Invested Funds £85,000,000
Claims Paid £100,000,000

FURNITURE

FOR CASH.

Lowest Prices.

Wm. SPRIGGS & Co., Ltd.,
238-241, Tottenham Court Road, W.

SPIES PETROLEUM CO. LTD.

AN Extraordinary General Meeting of this Company was held, on the 11th inst., at the Cannon Street Hotel, to consider a resolution to increase the capital of the Company. Mr. J. Annan Bryce, M.P., the Chairman of the Company, presided, and in moving the resolution, said that, although the proposal was that the capital should be raised from £750,000 to £1,500,000, it was only proposed to issue at present £150,000 with options which, if exercised, would bring the issue up to £250,000. The total issued capital would, in that case, amount to £1,000,000, leaving £500,000 still unissued. There were two special objects in view in making the issue. The first was the active development of certain sections of their old properties. Their early properties were situated in the central section of the Grozny field, and it had been generally supposed that those properties were approaching exhaustion; but lately the developments at depth, both on one of their own plots and on some plots belonging to their neighbors, had shown results so excellent as to warrant a recasting of that opinion. Their plot Mistoulloff, which until lately gave only about 3,500 poods per week, was now giving about 22,000 poods per week, owing to the boring of a new well to depth, and 15,000 poods per day had recently been obtained from a well on the neighboring property of the North Caucasian Company. They were therefore of opinion that the exploitation of their central plots at depth should be actively prosecuted.

Further to the East and a little to the South of their rich Baskakoff plot they lately acquired four plots totalling 40 dessiatines, which were known as the South Baskakoff plots. On each of these plots there was one well in course of drilling, but oil had not yet been reached, although in the opinion of the management the oil strata was now very near. It had been necessary to proceed with great deliberation, not only because the territory was a new one, but because the dip of the strata being severe, much caution had to be exercised to prevent the descent of the pipes being stopped by cavings of the strata.

The second object of the present issue of capital was for the providing of funds for the replacement of capital expended in the acquisition of properties outside the old Grozny field, and for their development. The most important of these at the moment were the properties acquired in the Chermojeff-Belik field and in the Wossnessensk field. In the Chermojeff-Belik field two very good wells had been brought into production on neighbouring plots, one of them giving 15,000 poods per day. At Wossnessensk oil had already been struck on a plot near one of theirs, and drilling was being actively prosecuted by their neighbors. In other districts exploration work had been carried on, a number of Ziavkis had been acquired, and options had been secured. It was proposed to form a new company to work these properties. In developing these, the directors considered it desirable to secure the co-operation of outside capital, while retaining the management and a paramount interest. The terms of sale to the new company would be based upon the refunding to the Spies Company of its outlay and a royalty of one kopek per pood on the production.

The Chairman then passed from the matter of the issue and gave some details of the results of the present year, and concluded by moving: "That the capital of the Company be increased to £1,500,000 by the creation of 1,500,000 shares of 10s. each, numbered from 1,500,001 to 3,000,000 inclusive."

Mr. G. Grinnell-Milne seconded the resolution, and after the Chairman had replied to a number of questions, the resolution was unanimously agreed to.

The Week in the City.

| | Price Friday morning. December 5. | Price Friday morning. December 12. |
|------------------------------------|---|--|
| Consols | 72½ | 71½xd |
| Midland Deferred | 71½ | 72½ |
| Mexican Railway Ordinary | 37½ | 36½ |
| Chinese 5 p.c., 1896 | 99½ | 99½ |
| Union Pacific | 156½ | 157½ |
| Japanese 4½ p.c. (1st ser.) | 94 | 94 |
| Turkish Unified | 86½ | 87 |
| Brazilian 4 p.c., 1889 | 76 | 77 |

THERE is no longer any doubt about the decline of trade. A good deal of short time is being worked in the woollen and worsted districts of the West Riding; and the iron and steel trades are also on the down grade. This was bound to happen; for depression had overtaken Germany months ago, and industrial conditions in Austria could hardly be worse. City and financial interests indeed find a melancholy satisfaction in this state of things; for they argue, correctly enough, that bad trade in the United States, on the Continent of Europe, and at home must mean that a great deal of money will be released for investment purposes. But, unfortunately for the Stock Exchange, there is no immediate prospect that this new money will suffice to fill the huge deficits caused by war and armaments. The fall of the French Government makes it probable that the French Loan will be postponed, and that Greek, Turkish, and Serbian issues will have precedence. This will suit Creusot and the Paris bankers well enough, but there is some doubt in the City as to whether the new Government can last more than a few weeks. Business on the Stock Exchange has been very dull, the worst feature being another decline of Consols. This is attributed to the Prime Minister's forecast at Oldham of a large deficit, which may have to be filled by a severe upward revision of the Income-tax. The Manchester Chamber of Commerce has already issued a protest against the growth of unproductive expenditure, and it is quite possible that the City may follow suit before long. Mr. Huth Jackson, a highly reputed financier and Director of the Bank of England has spoken out in very plain terms about the necessity for economy. Meanwhile the position in London is pretty strong, as the banks are full of deposit money awaiting investment. But foreign news is bad. Brazilian finances are in a miserable and Mexican in a still worse state. Money is still pretty tight, and the discount rate keeps up. Investors may safely purchase gilt-edged securities of the first and second class; for in the course of a year or two they are pretty sure to have appreciated in value.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC "MELON."

Bulls of Canadian Pacifics were very happy when the Chairman announced at the annual meeting that plans for segregating the assets of the company, other than those directly appertaining to the railway and its operation, were actually under consideration. But they have been bitterly disappointed at the reality. Instead of a nice bonus of stock in a new company, formed to hold the unsold land, the deferred land payments, and the various enterprises in which the proceeds of the land sales have been invested, the stockholders are invited to subscribe in cash for the securities to be issued against the land fund assets. These securities take the form of \$52,000,000 of 6 per cent. notes to be issued against \$55,000,000 of assets. The notes are guaranteed by the Canadian Pacific; they will be issued to stockholders at a price of 80 per cent., and will be repaid at par in 1924, or earlier if the fund possesses sufficient liquid cash. The notes therefore will command a market price of 100, so that the offer is really equivalent to a cash bonus of \$20 per note if they sell the notes, or 7½ per cent. interest on the money they subscribe, and \$20 per note bonus in ten years'

time or less if a particular note is redeemed earlier. It is evident that the scheme gives a good bonus to stockholders, and is equivalent to raising money at a ridiculously high rate for the Canadian Pacific. The more one sees of the finance of the Canadian Pacific, the more do the directors' actions hint that they would like to turn over some of the company's surplus wealth to the stockholders, but that they are afraid of a public outcry against the company. The fact is they have been too successful. A huge, but seemingly worthless, land grant has, by their efforts and the natural development of Canada, become of immense value, and produces a very fine revenue. The present scheme, however, is such an incomplete and unsatisfactory affair that it is doubtful if it will meet with the approval of any party. The more simple and straightforward plan would have been to form a separate company, and allot its capital to shareholders as fully paid. This would merely have been a paper exchange, for the present value of Canadian Pacific stock embraces land assets and all. Perhaps there is some difficulty in the way which is unknown to shareholders. Under the present scheme, the position will revert to what it is now by 1924, except that the Canadian Pacific will have paid away \$10,400,000 in the form of the discount on the notes, and 6 per cent. on the face value.

MEXICAN EAGLE OIL RESULTS.

The profits of this company, formed to work the Mexican oil concession of Messrs. S. Pearson & Son, Lord Cowdray's firm, have expanded in a remarkable fashion in spite of the unsettled condition of Mexico. Gross profits were 10,488,156 Mexican dollars, or more than double what they were in the previous year. The directors add that "after years of patience, hard work, and anxiety, there is now every prospect of the shareholders gradually reaping an adequate return of their enterprise." Of the total profits, \$2,607,090 is put to Fields' Redemption Account, \$945,918 to depreciation reserve, and \$230,775 to the legal reserve account. The amount put to Fields' Redemption is smaller than the sum so allotted last year, and in the past three years rather less than \$7,000,000 has been applied to depreciation accounts out of about \$15,000,000 of gross profits. It says much for the honesty of the financial policy of the directorate that so far they have not attempted to pay a dividend on the \$41,500,000 of ordinary capital, although on paper they might justify such a distribution. The only shares which have been issued publicly are the 8 per cent. participating preference, which at present stand just under £2 per share of 10 Mexican dollars (equivalent to £1 0s. 6d.), and yield 4½ per cent. It is evident therefore that something more than the 8 per cent. dividend is anticipated before long. It is not a very satisfactory feature, however, that a considerable number of the ordinary shares, which were taken by the vendors by way of purchase consideration for the concession, have come upon the market. The capital for developing the concession came from the issue of preference shares and the sale of 6 per cent. bonds a short time ago. The enormous capitalisation of the company must militate against a very high rate of dividend on either preference or ordinary shares, and those who may be contemplating a purchase of either should realize this fact.

LUCCELLUM.

An offer is being made of £100,000 5 per Cent. Permanent Debenture Stock, at 95 per cent., and 7,500 6 per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £10 each at par in the South Staffordshire Mond Gas (Power and Heating) Company. The company distributes gas for industrial purposes, other than illumination, by means of mains from a central gas generating station. Nearly £400,000 has been spent upon the company's land, buildings, plant, and mains, and its revenue in 1912 was £44,052, which yielded a net profit of £13,069. The Debenture stock yields 5½ per cent.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Funds Exceed £23,000,000.

Income Exceeds £5,400,000

Chief Offices: LONDON, 61, Threadneedle Street; EDINBURGH, 64, Princes Street.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Subscription List will close on or before Monday, 15th December, 1913.

THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE MOND GAS (POWER & HEATING) COMPANY.

(Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament, 1901.)
(The Liability of the Shareholders is Limited to the Amount of their Shares.)

CAPITAL - - - £1,000,000.

AUTHORISED.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------|
| Ordinary and/or Preference Shares | £965,000 |
| "B" Ordinary Shares | 35,000 |
| | £1,000,000 |

ISSUED.

| | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| Preference Shares | £82,500 |
| Ordinary Shares | 338,212 |
| "B" Ordinary Shares | 2,500 |
| | £423,212 |

5% Permanent Debenture Stock - - - £128,330
(of which £28,330 have been issued and paid for).

The Company is authorised by its Special Act of 1913 to issue up to one-half of its Capital as Cumulative Preference Shares; such Preference Shares being entitled to a fixed Cumulative Preferential Dividend of 5 per cent. per year. After the Preference Dividend is paid the Ordinary Shares are entitled to a dividend up to 10 per cent. per year. The "B" Ordinary Shares are not entitled to dividends in any year until the Ordinary Shares have received a dividend for that year at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, after which the "B" Ordinary Shares are entitled to a dividend at the same rate, and then rank for dividend *pari passu* with the Ordinary Shares.

The borrowing powers of the Company are restricted to one-third of the issued and paid-up Share Capital of the Company for the time being.

The Debenture Stock is issued pursuant to the Company's Special Acts of Parliament, and confers the rights specified in the Companies (Clauses) Act, 1863. Interest on the Debenture Stock is payable half-yearly on January 1st and July 1st.

Directors:

GEORGE MACPHERSON, J.P., D.L., Chairman.
ROBERT L. MOND, J.P., Deputy-Chairman.
Sir GILBERT H. CLAUGHTON, Bart., J.P.
The Rt. Hon. Sir ALFRED M. MOND, Bart., M.P.
EMILE S. MOND.
EDMUND HOWL, Managing Director.

OFFER FOR SALE OF
100,000 5 PER CENT. PERMANENT DEBENTURE
STOCK AT 95 PER CENT.
AND
7,500 6 PER CENT. CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE
SHARES OF £10 EACH AT PAR.

THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK, LTD., Threadneedle Street, and Branches, and
MESSRS. HOARE, 37, Fleet St., London, E.C., are authorised by
THE BRITISH FOREIGN AND COLONIAL CORPORATION, LTD.,
57, Bishopsgate, London, E.C., the Purchasers of the Debenture
Stock and Preference Shares, to receive applications for the same,
payable as follows:—

| | Debenture Stock. | Preference Shares. |
|------------------|------------------|--------------------|
| On Application.. | £10 per cent. | £1 |
| "Acceptance.. | 5 | 9 |
| | £55 | £10 |

The Debenture Stock may be applied for in amounts of £10 or multiples thereof. The first interest payment, calculated from the dates of the instalments, will be made on January 1st, 1914.

Applications at par for the whole of the Preference Shares now offered have been guaranteed by certain of the Directors and their friends.

Brokers for the Issue.

BASIL MONTGOMERY, FITZGERALD & CO., 19 Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.

Solicitors for the Issue.

HERBERT SMITH, GOSS, KING & GREGORY, 62, London Wall, London, E.C.

Objects for which the Company was Formed.—The Company was incorporated by the South Staffordshire Mond Gas (Power and Heating) Company's Act, 1901, to manufacture, supply, sell, and distribute within the South Staffordshire and East Worcestershire district the producer gas commonly known as Mond Gas and any development of Mond Gas approved by the Board of Trade, and any other producer gas so approved for the purposes of motive or other power, heating, or any other purpose to which such gases can be applied, except that such gases shall not be supplied or used for the purposes of illumination; and to manufacture, sell, and deal in sulphate of

ammonia and any other by-products or residual products of the said gases; and generally to execute the powers and purposes of the Act, and carry into effect the objects of the Company.

Districts Supplied.—The Company's Parliamentary area of supply (extending over 120 square miles) includes the important manufacturing centres of Dudley, Smethwick, Walsall, Wednesbury, West Bromwich, Wolverhampton, Bilston, Brierley Hill, Darlaston, Oldbury, Rowley Regis, Stourbridge, Tipton, and Willenhall. The Company was formed in 1902, and from then until May, 1905, was occupied in building their gas generating station at Dudley Port, Tipton (which is in the centre of the Company's area of supply), and laying the distributing mains.

Property of the Company.—The Company owns a freehold site of about 40 acres at Dudley Port, Tipton, having a frontage of 525 feet on the Birmingham Canal, with commodious dock accommodation and railway sidings connecting to the L. & N.W. main line, upon which is built the generating station, having a capacity of about 18 million cubic feet of gas per day.

Value of Assets.—The following statement shows the expenditure upon the Company's properties up to December 31st, 1912, as shown on the Company's Balance Sheet certified by its Auditors, Messrs. Gibson & Ashford, 39, Waterloo Street, Birmingham.

| | |
|--|--------------|
| Freehold Land, Sidings, Canal Basin, Buildings, Machinery, and Plant | £190,217 0 6 |
| Mains | 154,043 11 6 |
| Meters, &c., on hire | 4,381 18 3 |

| | |
|---|----------------------|
| During the current year there has been spent in extending the Works and Mains, about .. | 50,000 0 0 |
| | £390,242 19 3 |

Demand for Gas.—The Works were started and the Company commenced supplying gas in May, 1905. At first the demand for gas was small, but steady progress was made as consumers realised the advantages of the supply, and the demand increased so rapidly that extensions became necessary. These were begun in 1911, and it is expected that they will be completed in February next. The output of gas will thereby be increased by 75 to 80 per cent. Part of the increased output is already sold, and several of the largest firms in the newly-opened district have entered into contracts to take a supply for a term of years.

The steady progress made by the Company during the past three years will be seen from the following statement:—

| Year. | Customers supplied. | Gas sold. Cubic feet. | Revenue from Sale of Gas and By-products. |
|-------|---------------------|-----------------------|---|
| 1910 | 102 | 2,243,774,600 | £27,067 0 4 |
| 1911 | 125 | 2,920,831,700 | 35,372 5 5 |
| 1912 | 134 | 3,460,141,000 | 44,052 0 7 |

The Company is now supplying gas to 144 works for power and heating purposes, where it is being used for driving 180 gas engines, ranging from 650 H.P. downwards, and in 530 furnaces.

Profits.—The profits of the Company, before deducting interest on Loan Capital, but after payment of all other Revenue Charges, have been for the past three years as follows:—

| | |
|------|-------------|
| 1910 | £4,228 13 4 |
| 1911 | 8,556 0 2 |
| 1912 | 13,059 14 0 |

The amount required per annum for interest on the Debenture Stock is £6,418 10s.

Full Prospectuses (upon the terms of which applications will alone be received), and **Forms of Application** may be obtained from the British, Foreign and Colonial Corporation, Limited, 57, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.; the Brokers, Messrs. Basil Montgomery, Fitzgerald & Co., 19, Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.; and from the Solicitors and Bankers to this issue.

LONDON, December 11th, 1913.

These Forms should be filled up and forwarded to The London City and Midland Bank, Ltd., Threadneedle St., London, E.C., or Branches; or to Messrs. Hoare, 37, Fleet St., London, E.C., with a remittance for the amount payable on application.

THIS FORM OF APPLICATION MAY BE USED.

The South Staffordshire Mond Gas (Power and Heating) Company. No. 43.

(Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament, 1901.)

Offer for Sale of £100,000 Five per Cent. Permanent Debenture Stock at 95 per cent.

To the Directors of

THE BRITISH, FOREIGN, AND COLONIAL CORPORATION LIMITED,
57, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to your Bankers £..... being a deposit of 10 per cent. on £..... Debenture Stock of the above offer, I/we offer to purchase the same upon the terms and subject to the particulars of offer dated December 11th, 1913, and I/we hereby agree to accept the same or any less amount, and to pay the further instalment as provided by the said particulars of offer.

Ordinary Signature.....

Name (in full).....

Mr., Mrs., or Miss.....

Address (in full).....

Description.....

Date..... 1913.

THIS FORM OF APPLICATION MAY BE USED.

The South Staffordshire Mond Gas (Power and Heating) Company. No. 43.

(Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament, 1901.)

Offer for Sale of 7,500 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £10 each at par.

To the Directors of

THE BRITISH, FOREIGN, AND COLONIAL CORPORATION LIMITED,
57, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to your Bankers £..... being a deposit of £1 per share on £..... Shares of the above offer, I/we offer to purchase the same upon the terms and subject to the particulars of offer dated December 11th, 1913, and I/we hereby agree to accept the same or any less number, and to pay the further instalment as provided by the said particulars of offer.

Ordinary Signature.....

Name (in full).....

Mr., Mrs., or Miss.....

Address (in full).....

Description.....

Date..... 1913.

HOTELS AND HYDROS.

THACKERAY'S HOTEL (Temperance)
GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

Passenger Lifts. Electric Light in all Rooms. Bath-rooms on every floor. Spacious Dining. Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms, heated throughout. All Floors Fire-proof. Perfect Sanitation. Night Porter. Telephone. BEDROOMS, including attendance from 3/6 to 6/0. Full Tariff and Testimonials post free on application.

Telegraphic Address—"Thackeray, London."

LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. D. WILD, O.C., Man. Direc., 39-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

ABERYSTWYTH.

ABERYSTWYTH HYDRO HOTEL. Facing Sea. Bracing air. Electric and Sea-water Baths.

BATH.

WALDRON'S Private Hotel, Queen's Sq. Nr. Park & Mineral Baths.

BELFAST.

IMPERIAL HOTEL. Most centrally situated. Spacious showrooms.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.**IDEAL RESIDENCE.**

Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE CARLTON. First-class Residential Establishment. Sheltered, unrivalled position, facing South. Lift. Night porter. Golf. New Management. Illustrated Tariff. Tel. 440.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye. Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) Hotel. Close pier; 1st Class; moderate.

SILVERHOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gardens. From 35s. week.

CRAIG HALL. Board Residence. 40 bedrooms, lounge, billiards. Every comfort. From 32/6 week. Tariff. Egerton Hine.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

BUXTON.

HADDON HALL HYDRO LTD. 'Phone 4. J. Little.

CHEDDAR.

LEWIS'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

EDINBURGH.

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

EDINBURGH HYDROPATHIC, Slateford. On Craiglockhart Estate. 200 Visitors. Trams to City, 2d.

FOLKESTONE.

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, Marine Parade, Sea Front. Inclusive Terms, 6s. per day. Garage. Proprietor, C. Hall.

GREAT YARMOUTH.

SAVOY HOTEL. Most cent. Eng. Meas. Pop. prices. Tel. 412. P. Rogers.

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 rooms. Facing sea.

LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE. 2 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.

LAURENCE'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL. Clayton Square.

LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

LYNTON (Devon).

ROYAL CASTLE FAMILY HOTEL. Grounds 9 acres.

MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & Manager, J. Wilson.

KNOTSFORD. Supr. apts. Elec. light. Prop., C. Bartter. Tel. 182.

MATLOCK.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links (18 holes).

SMEDLEY'S HYDRO Establishment. Estab. 1863. H. Challand.

PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

PENZANCE.

CENTRAL HOTEL. Principal non-licensed.

QUEENSTOWN.

IMPERIAL HOTEL. Most comfortable and up-to-date. A. Paten.

CHELTENHAM.

ELLENBOROUGH HOUSE. Private Hotel. Cent. nr. Promenade. Tel. 1,070. Tariff. Mrs. Morrett.

SILLOTH-ON-SOLWAY.

GOLF HOTEL. First-class family hotel. Garage and stabling. 'Phone 3 Silloth. W. Dyer, Proprietor and Manager.

SOUTHPORT.

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St. Hot Lunch, Afternoon Tea. Tel. 647.

KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier and Lord St. Lounge, Lift, 120 bedrooms; Turkish, elec., &c., baths. Tel. 80. Wires "Kenwerthy's." Prospectus, Managers.

SWANSEA.

HOTEL CAMERON. Tel. 221. Garage. Palm Court, Grill, and electric lift. For terms apply Manager.

TENBY.

BELGRAVE HOTEL, South Shore. Overlooking Golf Links. Mrs. K. W. Hicks.

WARWICK.

THE "DALE" TEMPERANCE HOTEL. 14, Old Square.

WEST KIRBY (Cheshire).

WEST KIRBY HYDRO HOTEL. Facing River. Winter Garden.

WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

WORCESTER.

HARRISON'S VICTORIA HOTEL, Broad St. 1st-class Temp. Tel. 212

NEW ISSUE.**GREATER OMNIBUS SERVICES LTD.**

A subscription list for the issue of £200,000 in shares of this Company will be opened to-day. Copies of the prospectus may be had on application to the Secretary, Mr. Frank S. Baker, 98, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

Mr. Stuart A. Curzon, Managing Director of Greater Omnibus Services, Ltd., has already drawn attention to the great strides which motor omnibus services have made, and are making, and to the great advance in economy and in regularity of service which is now made possible as the fruit of years of experience in the management of motor omnibus services in town and country.

Under arrangements with Greater Omnibus Services, Ltd., motor omnibus transportation is now inaugurated in a number of towns and populous districts, and services in a still larger number of districts—the total population of which is in the millions—are now in negotiation.

The Marquis of Tweeddale has recently joined the Board of Greater Omnibus Services, Ltd., and in order to cope with the boom in motor traffic, and to maintain the commanding position which the company holds in this field, arrangements have been made to increase the capital of the company by this issue of £200,000.

The company has completed all the essential plans for a system of motor omnibus services which, under a central ownership and management, will traverse all the principal roads of England, connecting large towns, small towns, and villages.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and subscriptions should be sent to the Publisher, 10, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE NATION PUBLISHING CO., LTD., and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephones:—Business: Gerrard 4035.

Editorial: Gerrard 6584.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," Westrand, London.

Single copies of THE NATION may be obtained from and subscriptions received by:—

Canada—The Toronto News Co., 42, Yonge Street, Toronto; The Montreal News Co., 386 and 388, St. James Street, Montreal; Sells, Ltd., 302, Shaughnessy Building, McGill Street, Montreal.

U.S.A.—The International News Co., 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York.

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli; W. H. Smith & Son's Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Escoffier's Library, 3, Place Massena.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

EDUCATIONAL.

FOUNDED 1811.

CATERHAM SCHOOL,
SURREY.

Head Master: Mr. ALLAN P. MOTTRAM, B.Sc. (Lond.).
 Second Master: Mr. J. H. STAFFORD, M.A., LL.B. (Cantab.)
 Highly qualified resident Staff.

A FREE CHURCH PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Splendid situation on the North Downs.
 Thoroughly up-to-date equipment.
 Small classes, averaging only 10-15 boys.
 School inspected by Board of Education
 and University of London.
 (New Term, Thursday, January 15th, 1914.)

FULL PROSPECTUS on application to the Head Master.

RYDAL MOUNT SCHOOL, COLWYN BAY.

Headmaster:

C. F. A. OSBORN, M.A. (formerly Scholar Trin. Coll., Camb.)

Staff: C. F. KEEBLE, B.A., St. John's Coll., Camb.
 BRIAN SPARKES, M.A., Merton Coll., Oxford.
 A. C. DYER, B.A., Emman. Coll., Camb.
 M. C. PERKS, M.A., Oriel Coll., Oxford.
 S. MOODY, B.A., Oriel Coll., Oxford.
 ROLAND ROGERS, Mus. Doc., Oxford.
 J. HANMER HUTCHINGS (Art).
 Colour-Sergeant Instructor STRETCH (Gymnasium).

Illustrated Prospectus and full particulars on application to the
 Head Master or the Secretary, Mr. C. H. MITCHELL, 22, Lord
 Street, Liverpool.

LEIGHTON PARK (near Reading).

A Boarding School, under the management of the Society of
 Friends, for Boys of from 12 to 19 years.

Extensive grounds, high above the Thames Valley.

Headmaster - - - C. I. EVANS, M.A., Oxon.

ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE

(UNIVERSITY OF LONDON).

The LENT TERM BEGINS on JANUARY 10th, 1914. The College
 prepares Women Students for the London Degrees in Science and
 Arts. ELEVEN ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, from £50 to £60 a year,
 and a certain number of Bursaries of not more than £30, tenable for
 three years, will be offered for Competition in June, 1914. Inclusive
 fee, £100 a year.—For further particulars apply to the SECRETARY,
 Royal Holloway College, Englefield Green, Surrey.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION IN DECEMBER.

Affiliated Preparatory School, "Caldicott," Hitchin.

NORMANTON RECTORY, STAMFORD.

A few pupils received by former Assistant Master in large
 Public School. Special preparation for Exams., and general
 education. Home care and comforts. Bracing, open country.
 Numerous References. Rector, Normanton, Stamford.

CHANTRY MOUNT SCHOOL,
BISHOP'S STORTFORD, HERTS.Headmistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A. (Dublin) (Classical Tripos,
Cambridge).

Second Mistress: Miss ESTHERBROOK HICKS, B.Sc. (London).

A sound education for girls from 7 to 18 years of age.

TETTENHALL COLLEGE,
STAFFORDSHIRE.

Headmaster: ALFRED H. ANOUS, B.Sc.

Most healthily situated, 500 feet above sea-level.
 Classical and Commercial Education on Public School lines.
 Modern methods.

For illustrated prospectus apply to the Headmaster or to the Secretary.

NOTICE.


LONDON POSITIVIST SOCIETY, Essex Hall, Essex Street, 7.
 Mr. F. S. Marvin. "The Concert of European Peoples."

DELICIOUS COFFEE

**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so
 much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.



RESTORE THE
VOICE WITH
**EVANS'
PASTILLES**
*Invaluable for
Throat and Voice*
Send penny stamp for Sample
to the Sole Manufacturers:
EVANS SONS, LESCHER & WEBB, Ltd.,
LIVERPOOL and LONDON.
(Name this paper.)

ALPINE SPORTS (Ltd.)

control accommodation for **3,000 VISITORS** IN
30 HOTELS in the BEST WINTER CENTRES IN
 SWITZERLAND.—For Illustrated Handbook, with full
 details of complete Tours, apply, Secretary,
 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W

APPOINTMENTS VACANT.

ORGANISERS:—Wanted by the LIBERAL WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE
 UNION, to start work in January, 1914. Must be strong Liberals
 and Suffragists. Salary, £100 and expenses.—Apply, by letter only, to
 Miss MILDRED RANSOM, 197, Edgware Road, London, W.

THE
Saturday Westminster

for December 13

Will be Enlarged to **TWENTY PAGES**

and will contain, in addition to the regular features:—

"A FISHERMAN'S FANCY." By Horace Hutchinson.
 A JAPANESE ESSAY. By Yone Noguchi.
 "THE TURNCOAT." By Harry Graham.
 A SIDELIGHT ON THE INSURANCE ACT.
 OUR CHRISTMAS FUND.—IV. "A TALE OF
 CLOGS."

A Special Illustrated Christmas Book Supplement.

REVIEWS OF RECENT BOOKS ON HISTORY
AND TRAVEL."THE UNENLIGHTENED EFFORT TO BE
CORRECT" on the Problems Page.NEW NOVELS. F. C. G. CARTOONS.
EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

20 PAGES.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Offices: Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

MARTIN SECKER'S BOOKS

A SELECTED CHRISTMAS LIST

DRAMA

- Magic : A Fantastic Comedy 2/- net G. K. Chesterton
 (Second Impression)
 The Complete Dramatic Works (3 vols. 25/- net) St. John Hankin
 The Complete Dramatic Works (6 vols. 5s. net each) Gerhardt Hauptmann

BELLES LETTRES

- Dramatic Portraits 5/- net P. P. Howe
 People and Questions 5/- net G. S. Street
 Speculative Dialogues 5/- net Lascelles Abercrombie
 Personality in Literature 7/6 net R. A. Scott James
 The Art of Silhouette 10/6 net Desmond Coke
 Vie de Boheme 15/- net Orlo Williams
 A Coronal : An Anthology 2/6 net L. M. Lamont
 Hieroglyphics 2/6 net Arthur Machen

CRITICISM

- J. M. Synge : A Critical Study P. P. Howe
 Henrik Ibsen : A Critical Study R. Ellis Roberts
 Thomas Hardy : A Critical Study Lascelles Abercrombie
 Walter Pater : A Critical Study Edward Thomas
 George Gissing : A Critical Study Frank Swinnerton
 William Morris : A Critical Study John Drinkwater
 A. C. Swinburne : A Critical Study Edward Thomas
 Each Volume Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

TRAVEL

- Those United States 5/- net Arnold Bennett
 Fountains in the Sand 7/6 net Norman Douglas
 Egyptian Æsthetics 7/6 net René Francis

FICTION

- Sinister Street (Fifth Impression) 6/- Compton Mackenzie
 Hands Up! 6/- Frederick Niven
 Undergrowth 6/- F. & E. Brett Young
 Telling the Truth 6/- William Hewlett
 The Fool's Tragedy 6/- A. Scott Craven
 The Bankrupt 6/- Horace Horsnell
 Fortitude (Third Impression) 6/- Hugh Walpole
 Round the Corner (Fourth Impression) 6/- Gilbert Cannan

FOR CHILDREN

- Kensington Rhymes 5/- net Compton Mackenzie

NUMBER FIVE JOHN STREET, ADELPHI, LONDON

